THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 16, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The Rich Man in Public Life

BY SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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Sense and Nonsense

His Symptoms

DID you ever hear an amateur at sickness describe his symptoms? The small man walked into the physician's office, trying to look as if he was not ashamed of asking advice. He took a seat immediately in front of the doctor.

"Now, doc," he began glibly, "I'm not sick. I'm never sick a day in the year. Don't know what sickness is, but I've got a little pain. Not that it worries me at all. I don't worry about such things, and I guess I have my share of them. But it isn't like me to worry. I'm not built that way. I go along and don't worry, no matter how sick I am, and I guess I am sicker than most men a good part of the time. But I don't let on. I'm used to it. But this pain has got me worried. That's a fact: I'm worried—nearly worried to death. It would worry any one. Nothing serious, of course, but pretty severe. Fact is, I can't stand it any longer. If you knew how I suffer with this pain! But it don't worry me. I don't let it. And it's nothing to worry about. Just one of these little aches, I guess, that come and go. Fact is, I was ashamed to come to a doctor for such a little thing. *I* don't mind it. Very little pain, you know. Can hardly feel it, but my wife worries. She would have me come to see you.

"You see, doc, the pain is right here in my neck. Seems to be right in my Adam's apple. It feels like a pin. That's it exactly: like a pin sticking into me. Just that sharp, pricking pain, but larger. You know what I mean. Feels like a knob in there. Like a round, polished knob, something like a door-knob, pressing all the time. It isn't a pain, understand. It's an ache. A cold, aching sensation, like a snowball. Yes, sir, that describes it exactly. Just like a snowball, only the thing throbs all the time, and burns. Why, it's red-hot. Just like a red-hot poker. You know what I mean. As if I had swallowed a red-hot poker, and it was red-hot clear down into my chest, but darting back and forth like a shuttle, or a bolt of lightning. I don't know whether you catch just what I mean, doc, but you can imagine how a bristle-brush would feel if you swallowed it. A brush with bristles all around it, like a pipe-cleaner. That gives you the idea exactly. It's just that sort of a tickling sensation, as if I had swallowed something soft and fuzzy, like a wool mitten. I tell you, it has got me worried, doc. Scared stiff, I might say.

"Now, I don't want you to think I'm worried about it. I wouldn't be if it wasn't so persistent. It's one of these persistent pains, that comes and goes. Feels like a penny had got lodged there and was aching. One of these sharp, twinging pains, like rheumatism or toothache. Not a jumping toothache, but the slow, steady kind, like a corn. You know what I mean. Sort of a dull ache, kind of burning. I tell you, I'm dreadfully frightened. My wife said it was nothing, but I knew better. It seems to be in the back of my neck. That's what frightens me. It reminds me of spinal meningitis, or consumption—as if I had appendicitis in my neck, only it's lower down. It seems to be in my chest. I'm afraid of these pains that stay right in one place. They are so apt to get chronic.

"That's what I don't like about this pain of mine. It's so chronic. If it isn't in one place it's in another. Sort of shoots all around. You know what I mean. Dashes around everywhere. Some days it's in the back of my head and then in my lungs, and some days I don't feel it at all. I can't quite describe it, but it is what I would call a bitter pain—a bitter, sour pain, kind of sweet and acrid, like Morocco leather or banana. You see, I don't want you to make any mistake about it; I want you to get it right. I want you to know exactly what I mean. You know how colic feels? Well, it isn't anything like that.

"I should say it was more like a crimson pain. Sort of a greenish crimson. Nearly blue, you know. Kind of flashing, like an electric light or a match. Sort of an empty feeling, as if there was a void there, with something in it. Something round, with sharp points, like a square chunk of lead, only harder. More like granite, or one of these long, dry crusts of bread, thin and narrow, but rough.

"Now, doc, you know just how it is. Those are the symptoms, and all I want is just a small prescription to cure it up. That's all! Something like a pill, or a dose of some kind. I guess a plaster would be the right thing. One of these plasters with holes in them. You know what I mean. I don't want anything that would be hard to take. It isn't worth it, for a little thing like this. If I let it alone, it would cure itself. What I want is something to rub on, like witch hazel, or iodine, or something of that kind. But if you say 'operate' I'm willing. I think, myself, an operation is what it needs. Cut out the tonsils, you know, or fumigate it, or cauterize it. Something of that sort."

—*Ellis Parker Butler.*

Looking for Trouble

If what "they say" is really true, that all the woes that vex
The men-folks are occasioned by the fairer, weaker sex,
The former ought to sail away across the wide, wide sea
To some far land where they could dwell in peace and harmony.
But should this ever come to pass, 'tis pretty safe to say,
From all we've seen and heard, that ere a month had passed away,
Even though there were no ships to cleave the ocean's wildest swell,
The waters would be thick with men all swimming back, pell-mell!

—*Nixon Waterman.*

The Other Way Round

LEW FIELDS, who, with Joe Weber, has attained fame and fortune as a German caricaturist, can make jokes of his own as well as give a relish to other men's witticisms. On his latest visit to Philadelphia, the actor was conducted through the new Bellevue-Stratford Hotel by Laurence McCormick, the manager.

"Here," said Mr. McCormick, pausing at the entrance to the ballroom, "a Philadelphia débutante had a coming out a few weeks ago that cost $25,000."

"A coming out!" ejaculated Fields. "That wasn't a coming out; it was a blowing in!"

Dreams

If the iceman should come to me some day,
While weighing out a piece at my back door,
And, dropping it upon the porch, should say:
"It was so cold last year and year before,
The crop is long and we have cut the price,"—
If he should just say that and lay the ice
On my back step and then drive on—but hush!
Such dreams as this are only silly gush.

Or if the butcher, wrapping up my steak,
Should say: "You know, the corn crop was so vast,
And feed so cheap, we're able now to make
A slight reduction in the price at last"—
I say, if he should tell me that and take
Two cents a pound from last week's price of steak,
I wonder if the shock—but pshaw! why spare
The time to build such castles in the air?

Or if the baker, doling out my bread,
Should put a penny back into my hand,
And say: "The world will be more cheaply fed,
Since there is a large wheat crop in the land"—
I say, if he should voluntarily
Return a single penny unto me,
I wonder if I'd be—but, Heart, be still;
There is no possibility he will!

Or if my tailor, deftly sizing me
For a new suit, should say: "You know that sheep
Are multiplying fast and wool will be
In cloth upon the market very cheap"—
I say, if he should just say that and take
Five dollars from the price—well, then, I'd wake
Right up and rub my sleepy eyes and laugh,
To think of tailors giving me such chaff.

I know that these are merely dreams—that ice
And meat and bread are going up—that crop
Or weather will do naught but *raise* the price:
There is no likelihood of any drop;
But my employer tells me he will give
Me higher wage—it costs so much to live—
So now I do not need to skimp and scratch—
My pipe is out! Has any one a match?

—*J. W. Foley.*

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

William Winter's Reminiscences

One cannot think of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Ada Rehan, Henry Irving and a score of other famous actors without associating them with the name of William Winter.

For the past half century Mr. Winter has enjoyed the rare experience of intimate friendship with most people worth knowing. If that were all, it would be an experience worth reporting; but when one considers the charming literary quality of Mr. Winter's work, one can understand that the publication of his reminiscences is a red-letter event in the literary world.

We have much pleasure in announcing that William Winter's Reminiscences will appear serially in The Saturday Evening Post.

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Armour's
"STAR" Hams and Bacon

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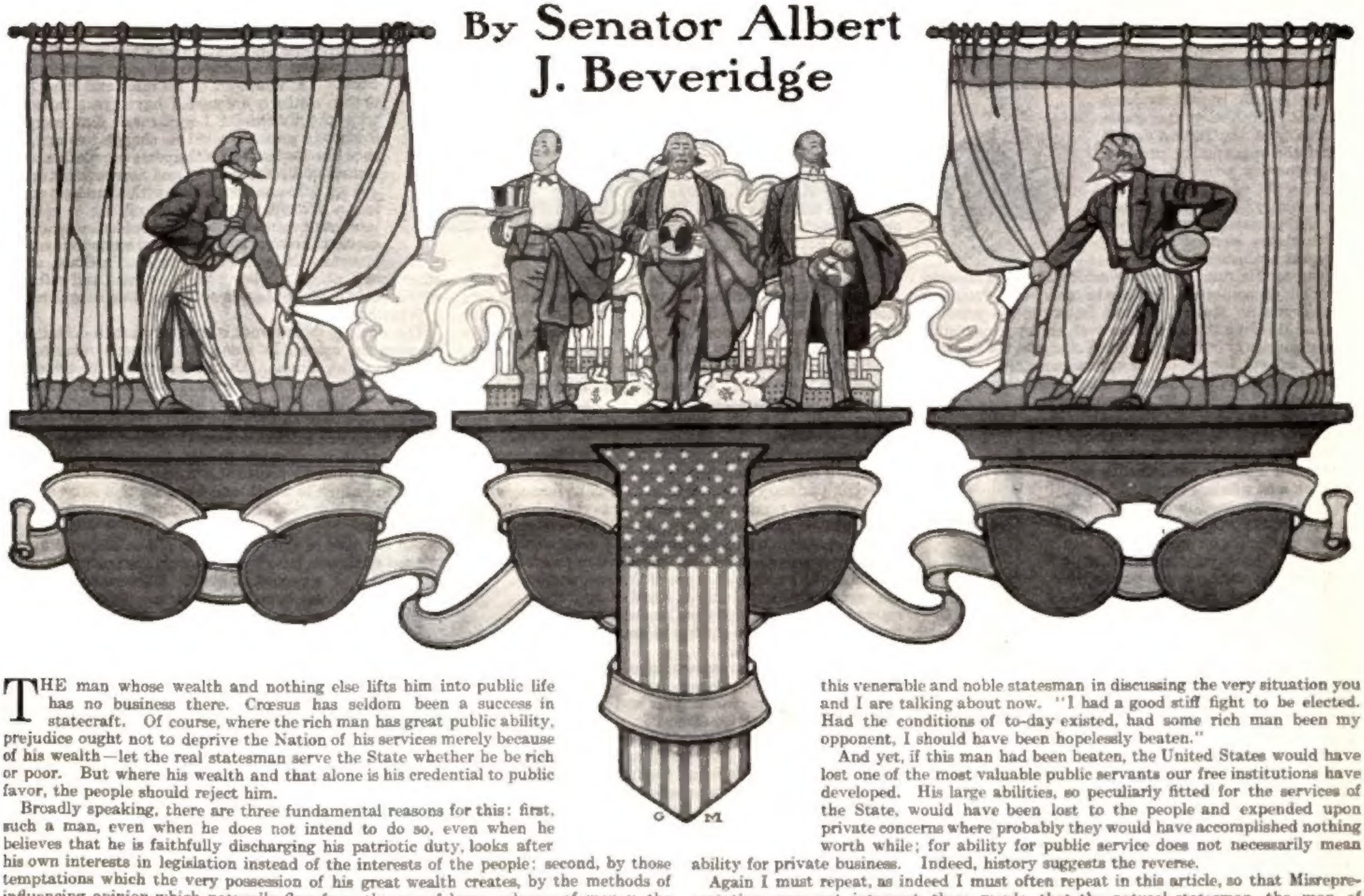
The Rich Man in Public Life

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge



THE man whose wealth and nothing else lifts him into public life has no business there. Crœsus has seldom been a success in statecraft. Of course, where the rich man has great public ability, prejudice ought not to deprive the Nation of his services merely because of his wealth—let the real statesman serve the State whether he be rich or poor. But where his wealth and that alone is his credential to public favor, the people should reject him.

Broadly speaking, there are three fundamental reasons for this: first, such a man, even when he does not intend to do so, even when he believes that he is faithfully discharging his patriotic duty, looks after his own interests in legislation instead of the interests of the people; second, by those temptations which the very possession of his great wealth creates, by the methods of influencing opinion which naturally flow from the use of large volumes of money, the man who, *because of his wealth and nothing else*, is in public life becomes almost unconsciously a corrupting force; and third, his occupancy of office excludes a poorer man who has natural gifts for statesmanship, and who would occupy that very office if the rich man's money had not kept him out of it.

We must always remember that this is a government of the people; but if public office is occupied by possessors of great wealth, the mass of the people, among whom, after all, throughout all history, the ablest governing ability has always been found, will be excluded from practical participation in the management of public affairs.

The increasing invasion of public office by the sons of Midas is common knowledge. I do not know that it can be helped; but, at all events, we can talk about it among ourselves, and possibly a public opinion may after a while develop that will control and correct it. After all, an active and righteous public opinion is the only method of getting rid of any public evil. As the case stands, however, it is pretty serious business, is it not? for does not everybody know that where two men of equal quality aspire to public office, one being a millionaire and the other a poor man, the millionaire is two-thirds around the track before the poor man can start?

Yes, and everybody knows, too, a good deal more than that—everybody knows that a man who is rich and personally agreeable can secure the nomination for, and election to, an office over a man who is far better equipped for public duty, but who has no money with which to work up an organization and pay campaign expenses. Many young men in the United States who ought this day to be public servants and continue public servants all their lives, because Nature has fitted them for such work, do not try to win the office which is their right, for the reason that that office is filled by the man with the pocketbook.

"I came to the Senate thirty years ago," said one of the very greatest and purest of America's public men—a man whose services to the Republic have been beyond estimate in their upright and far-seeing wisdom—"I came to the Senate thirty years ago," said this venerable and noble statesman in discussing the very situation you and I are talking about now. "I had a good stiff fight to be elected. Had the conditions of to-day existed, had some rich man been my opponent, I should have been hopelessly beaten."

And yet, if this man had been beaten, the United States would have lost one of the most valuable public servants our free institutions have developed. His large abilities, so peculiarly fitted for the services of the State, would have been lost to the people and expended upon private concerns where probably they would have accomplished nothing worth while; for ability for public service does not necessarily mean ability for private business. Indeed, history suggests the reverse.

Again I must repeat, as indeed I must often repeat in this article, so that Misrepresentation may not interpret these words, that the natural statesman, the man of great public ability, should not be excluded from office merely because he has money. Certainly not! That would be almost as unjust as to say that a man of no public ability should be given office merely because he has money. Let no man unleash the dogs of envy against the preëminently able publicist whom Fortune has touched with its golden wand.

For this is no jeremiad against capital. Capital is all right in its place. It has its mission, and a mighty and beneficent mission it is. I do not object to capital, I defend it—only, *let it attend to its own business*. And public life and special legislation for its benefit *are not its business*.

I have no patience with the assailers of wealth. Those who "split the ears of the groundlings," denouncing rich men, never fail to make the "judicious grieve." The rich man has now and always has had his place in the world; and in our modern and industrial society it is a very noble place indeed—if the rich man of the twentieth century will only realize the might of his righteous power. The talents which produced his wealth show how and where he can do most good in the world and at the same time work out the greatest happiness for himself.

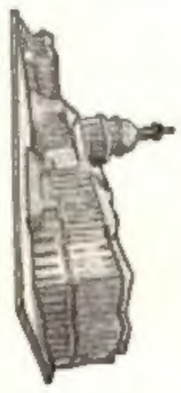
He has immense abilities for business management; the magic of his executive mind causes thousands of men and multitudinous material to fly into orderly place; his genius of initiative throws shining rails of steel through wildernesses, and peoples savage places with happy men and women and the homes of enterprise and virtue. All this is splendid.

It is a splendid thing to direct a great railway system with ten thousand employees in systematic harmony to their own good and the service of the Nation; a splendid thing to build up factories turning out vast products for the use and pleasure of man; a splendid thing to create and manage a mighty merchandizing business to supply the daily needs of the millions. It is a splendid thing to found or manage a great bank and make it the power-house of a sound and honest commerce.

Yes, indeed, the possibilities of the rich to work good and win righteous distinction are measured only by their talents and their conscience. The fields for their enterprise and usefulness are as wide as the world, as numerous as its industries. *But, with notable exceptions, public life is not one of them.* I think it was Wendell Phillips who said that the history of the world showed that the statesmen had no genius for personal business, on the one hand, and that business men had no genius for statesmanship, on the other hand. But, no matter who said it, with a few exceptions history shows that this is true. Contemporary experience also shows that it is true. All the world concedes the masterful statesmanship of Theodore Roosevelt. Concedes—no! It asserts, proclaims, celebrates the public wisdom and statecraft of our wonderful young President. Yet I have heard that in business he was not so brilliantly successful.

Ah, yes, you say, but he is Roosevelt. Quite true! And there is but one Roosevelt and there never will be another, do you say? Very well! But there was McKinley, too, a man whose genius for coördinating interests and focusing dissenting opinions to a common purpose won for him rare reputation for "safe" statesmanship. Yet President McKinley was so absurd a failure as a business man that Senator Hanna is said to have declared: "McKinley can guide the destiny of the Nation and, if he had the opportunity, preserve the prosperous peace of all the peoples of the earth, but he could not profitably buy or sell a corner lot." A business failure, and yet the "business men's President."

I repeat again that there are exceptions to this rule. George Washington was a remarkably good business man. But, on the other hand, President Lincoln was an almost pathetic failure in his personal affairs. Although President Roosevelt achieved no distinguished success in business, Joseph G. Cannon, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, is remarkably fortunate in his business affairs; though the Speaker is not a man of excessive and swollen fortune—he merely is as accurate, sound and careful in his personal business transactions as he is in the affairs of the Republic.



But putting aside the rule announced by Wendell Phillips, I am dealing now with rich men who are *merely* rich men, and who, *exclusively*, because of their riches, whether acquired or inherited, get into public life or want to get into public life. I am pointing out that it won't do for them to get into public life. It won't even do from their own narrow, personal point of view—what is it to be an ineffective Congressman or Senator compared with the real and solid honor of being a true captain of industry? Compare Carnegie's international reputation with the public consequence of any American public man, save three or four. But whether or not from his own point of view it will do for the rich man to come into public life, it certainly will not do for him to come into public life from the Nation's point of view.

Here are some of the reasons why it will not do:

First of all, necessarily to repeat, men who, because of their wealth, are in public life usually vote for their own interests instead of voting for the Nation's interests; vote for the welfare of their company and their enterprise instead of voting for the welfare of the American people—*and all this even though they think they are voting for the general welfare.*

If their lifetime's habit of money-getting had not narrowed their vision to the immediate hour and to the present dividend, they would see that the true welfare of their business is found only in the general welfare of their Nation; and thus their business experience would be helpful in the Nation's councils.

Unfortunately their lifetime habit of "making every lick tell," of seeing that no dividend is passed, of earning money which they can themselves see and handle, has made it hard for them to take this broader view. Instead, they are thinking of what is good for their company or their business *right now*, regardless of the Nation and the future; or rather, the Nation and the future become merged in their vision with their tangible business interests and with the present moment.

"I trust you will not push this bill," said a certain member of our Federal Legislature to some colleagues.

"Why not?" was asked. "It is a National measure beneficial to the whole country, and it injures nobody."

"Yes, it does—it injures me. That is the reason I will have to oppose it. If that bill passes I *will have to pay higher taxes on my property.*"

"What!" said one of his friends, "would you let the interests of eighty millions of people and the welfare of the future be affected by those personal and temporary interests which concern nobody but yourself, and cannot concern even you for more than five or six years?"

"Oh, come now, that is putting it too strongly!" was the answer. "There are three or four of us in my enterprise."

In open debate, on a fiercely-contested measure, a certain public man, uncommonly well known to the American people, suddenly arose and said:

"I made some investments there that I will sell in a minute if this [bill] goes through." You will find this in the Congressional Record.

The men who said these things are not bad men at all, from their own point of view. Indeed, from every standard except that exacting public ideal by which American public men ought to be measured, and will finally be measured, I think they are excellent persons. They would probably shoot you if you suggested that they were dishonest. My impression is that both are religious men. *The immorality of their attitude simply never occurred to them.* As men of property they must protect their interests—what more natural than that, and more just? As for the Nation—why, are not *their* interests the Nation's interests? Such is their very natural reasoning along the lines of least resistance.

So, the first objection to the rich man in public life is that, *with the very best intentions in the world*, he votes for his own interests instead of for the Nation's interests—votes for his own interests *believing that, thereby, he is voting for the Nation's interests.* He cannot see the Republic as a whole, nor the future as it stretches through the centuries; or, if he does see these things, he sees them through the smoked glasses of his investments.

Very well! But *investments are made for dividends and not for patriotism.*

Let us make this still more definite. Take a Congressman or Senator engaged in some business—let us say lumbering—deriving princely revenues from the falling forests which the Nation so needed to preserve and which heretofore have been so recklessly destroyed—destroyed with that savage abandon which money-drunkenness always produces. Suppose some one had proposed to preserve those forests at the expense of those of Canada, and, at the same time, to bring a steadier and more rational revenue to this very lumbering industry itself by the scientific cutting of trees instead of felling them wholesale.

But all this would have meant a reduction of the profits of our lumber Crœsus for his immediate present—for that particular year and next year, and perhaps for the year after. In spite of himself, that man would vote against the measure which the interests of the Nation and the welfare of the American people for all the future demand, and for his own private, *immediate* interests that he could see and feel *right then;* and all this in absolute unconsciousness of wrong, even with a glow of pride that he had guarded the great "interests" with which he was connected, and which, to him, were identical with the welfare of the Nation. For he was a patriot, from his point of view.

Or let us say the owner or president of a railway system is in public life. A measure is proposed which involves the undoubted good of the whole American people and the betterment of transportation facilities for all the years to come. But this railroad chief, who is concerned about the dividends of his stockholders or his own dividends to be declared next month, fears that there will be a reduction in profits. It is just as natural for that man to say that that measure is against the good of the country; that it is unscientific, unwise, unrighteous, *and to work himself up into an honest belief in what he says*, as it is for men everywhere to confound their private interests with the good of the public.

Or suppose a Congressman or Senator owns mining property that is yielding richly—all he has to do is to pay the miners their daily wage to dig out of the earth its golden treasure and hand it over to this statesman mine-owner. It is a strange habit of wealth to want not to pay its taxes; and President Harrison said, in a famous public address, that this peculiar moral obsession of the rich results in more perjury, when men come to turn in their property for taxation under oath, than all other causes combined.

Let us say, then, for example, that this mine is located in one of the Territories and that under a territorial form of government this mine-owner pays scarcely any taxes. The managers of his mine and other gentlemen similarly interested have great influence with the Territorial Legislature. But suppose somebody presents a bill to change two or three such Territories each with sparse population, each controlled by the wealthy and non-resident mine-owners, into one great State with abundant population difficult to control by mining or railway interests because of its size, population and consequent inconvenience of the interests to reach its citizens. It is clear that in such a State, as in other such States, a tax law would be passed and enforced which would increase the mine-owner's taxes considerably.

What happens?

The wealthy mine-owner is sure to want to defeat that measure for ostensibly wise and righteous reasons, *but really for selfish reasons.* There are in public life owners of mines, a single one of which is said to be worth one hundred and fifty million dollars and yields many million dollars income every year, and yet the value of this mine is assessed at less than one million dollars—hardly the value of the machinery in it. That is to say, this mine-owner pays taxes upon property valued at less than one million dollars, which in reality is worth one hundred and fifty million dollars and which yields him a net income of several million every year.

But the vote of the rich man in public life, cast in the interest of his own investments, is only the beginning of his practical mischief. Universally such men are great entertainers. They give sumptuous and delightful dinners. They are friendly men, too; and, in addition to that tremendous ability which won their immense wealth, they frequently have a singular charm of manner. Thus they make personal friends among their associates—and blood is thicker than water in public life just as it is any place else.

A question comes up which the rich man thinks adversely affects his interests.

He says to his colleague, whose warm personal friendship he has won in a social way: "This is a very bad bill. I hope you can help me kill it." And unless the bill is a measure of conspicuous and immediate interest, or unless it has aroused the insistent and militant attention of the masses, his friend, with the best intentions in the world, is only too apt to vote as the rich man desires—for he has no time to investigate personally—and what is more natural than to take the judgment of friends?

The arguments for or against that bill *are always put on the highest grounds.* The rich man's interests are never mentioned. It is as easy to make as high-flown argument for a bad cause as for a righteous cause. That is an ancient trick. Shakespeare has described it better than anybody:

> The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
> In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
> But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
> Obscures the show of evil? In religion
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
> There is no vice so simple but assumes
> Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

I make no criticism of this. It is only human nature. None of us are angels, you know. And even if the public man who thus unconsciously sacrifices duty to friendship does not feel just right about it, it is so easy to say: "Oh, well, let's postpone action upon this for a session or two! It can't hurt anything or anybody to wait a while." And so good laws, which run

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MEN & WOMEN

The Original Adam

LET the stodgy statesmen, who think in cubes and talk in rectangles, tell it that a sense of humor is a fatal impediment to a career in Congress. "Get a reputation as a humorist," they say, "and you will never amount to anything."

That may be true; but the stodgy statesmen never seem to think how little they amount to themselves. They exclaim against a story as an illustration for a speech, but they all try to tell a story or two when they are talking, and they make a mess of it. There are some excellent precedents for story-telling in our history. Lincoln was somewhat of an anecdotist, and there have been a few others. Still, the dull and deadly statesman does not see it in that light. "Look at Sunset Cox," they say. "He was a man of great parts, but he was a humorist, and see what became of him." Well, what did become of him? He died and there is a statue of him in New York, erected by the letter-carriers for his successful efforts in getting them something like the wages they should have. "Beware of the fate of John Allen!" shout the stodgy ones. Sad fate, John Allen's! Served many years in the House, had more friends than any other man there, had more fun than any other, had a place waiting for him as soon as he quit, and is now living on his cotton plantation in Tupelo and still having fun.

There are no statues to the stodgy statesmen in New York or anywhere else, so far as is known. They come with corrugated brows, last a few sessions, go home and stand around solemnly until they die. They cannot afford to joke. Oh, no, it would ruin their careers, and that is the greatest joke of all the jokes there are!

Notwithstanding this weight of opinion, this heavy verdict against humor, Congress always has a member who defies the superstition. The humorist of the present House is J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota. Bede is not only a pretty fair funny-man, but a beneficent Creator mapped him out physically for the part. He is a small man, with a wrinkled-apple sort of a face. He looks like an anecdote. The fun bubbles out of him naturally. It is mostly of the true American style. He is lavish with exaggerated similes. His metaphors are grotesque. He makes some excellent epigrams and, with it all, he sees the bright side of everything and talks about it. The sun is always shining for Bede.

Boies Penrose, of the Bovine Voice

He is an Ohio product. After he finished school he worked in many States as a reporter. He finally landed in Duluth, and has had various newspapers there. He was a Republican in his early days, but, being versatile, he went to the Democratic party in the first Cleveland campaign. This transference of political fealty got him a United States marshalship from President Cleveland, and he hung on to the Democratic party until the money issue arose. Then he shifted back to the Republican party and, as he says in his biography in the Congressional Directory, "decided to come to Congress as a Republican." They twitted Bede about that when he was making his first important speech in the House.

"Haven't you been a Democrat?" John Sharp Williams asked him.

"I have," Bede responded promptly. "I want to say finally that I voted the Democratic ticket a few times and I know how hard it is. My first vote and my last vote were Republican, but, in the mean time, I voted the Democratic ticket—and it is necessarily the mean time when you do a thing like that."

He is as shrewd as he is funny. Mark Hanna heard him speak and sent for him to come to Ohio when Herrick was making his first campaign for governor. Bede spent six weeks in and about Cleveland, making several speeches every day and getting great crowds. When he had finished, Hanna asked Bede what he owed him, thinking to pay him liberally for his time.

"Oh," said Bede, "I will call it square if you will pay my expenses and see that I am put on the Rivers and Harbors Committee when I go to Congress."

Hanna promised and kept his word, and Bede is on that committee now. He is active in rivers and harbors work, for Duluth needs a lot of that sort of money. An expert was before the committee a short time ago and was talking theories.

J. Adam Bede, Who Achieves with a Smile What Some Men Cannot Hew with a Sword

"Here, here!" broke in Bede. "There are sixteen lawyers on this committee and two gentlemen, Lorimer and myself. Now you have given these lawyers all the theories they can digest, please contribute a fact or two to the other two members."

Bede made his first hit in Congress when, in January, 1904, he spoke for the first time at length. He was advising the Democrats to join with the Republicans and nominate Roosevelt. Turning to the minority, he said:

"You Democrats cannot elect anything. The election this year will be nothing but a supplemental census."

They laughed so much at that that the austere Hemenway, who was in charge of the floor, gave Bede all the time he desired, and Bede used it to show the country that he was amply able to succeed John Allen as the House humorist.

Bede's humor isn't refined. It is prairie humor and smells of the soil. He jokes about the common things of life and would pain a literary person who demands polish with his jokes. He was talking one day about the diversified agricultural industries of Minnesota. He told about the farmers turning from exclusive wheat-growing to dairy and similar pursuits:

"I have gone into a little place in the backwoods where they kept two or three cows and set the milk on a shelf in the living-room, where they discussed Democratic politics and chewed tobacco and did a lot of things. When they brought their butter to market you could taste every member of the family."

That is Artemus-Wardsy enough to suit the most strenuous demand for "native" humor. That is Bede's kind. He can string paragraphs like that together for hours at a time, and every time he gets up in the House he has a crowd to hear him, although most of the statesmen deprecate humor and say it is the ruination of a career, and, by the same token, empty the House, instead of filling it, when they talk.

Bede took his six children up to the White House one day. "What have you here?" the President asked.

"My string of Bedes," the Minnesota man replied.

Not very intellectual, was it? No, nor is any of Bede's humor, but everybody laughed at it, and, when you come to think of it, that is what humor is for.

His Little All

COLONEL WILLIAM ZEVELEY, the leading lawyer of the Indian Territory, once defended a boy named Wolf for some infraction of the law. The boy was convicted—although Colonel Zeveley made a most eloquent plea in his behalf—and fined $500.

Zeveley then made another plea for a reduction of the fine. He explained that the boy's father was a market-gardener, who worked very hard for his money, and that a fine of $250 would be all he could possibly pay out of his savings.

The judge was obdurate and Zeveley asked for twenty-four hours in which to get the money. He summoned the market-gardener and told him to get $500 and change into silver dollars, halves and quarters and bring it to the court-room next morning.

When court opened the market-gardener was there with a basket on his arm. The judge asked for the fine and the gardener handed up the basket.

"There it is, Judge," he said. "There it is; the money I have been saving fifty cents at a time for years. It is all I have."

The judge glared at Zeveley. "Confound you, Zeveley," he said; "you know I can't take this!"

Zeveley shrugged his shoulders and the judge reduced the fine to $250, which the father counted out laboriously to the clerk of the court.

After court adjourned the judge said to Zeveley: "Did you put up that job on me?"

"Why, Judge," Zeveley replied, "I am surprised that you should suggest such a thing."

But there was a twinkle in his northeast eye.

Too Many Cooks

CARL SCHURZ, most ardent of anti-imperialists, concluded, after the Treaty of Paris had been ratified, that he would go to Washington and immediately "fight out" the whole question of colonial possessions with President McKinley.

He told his friends what he intended to do, and left for Washington with many assurances that when he returned the President would have different ideas about expansion.

He stayed two days and returned.

"Well, Schurz," said a friend who met him soon afterward, "did you fight it out with President McKinley?"

"No," said Mr. Schurz sadly, "I did not."

"Why not? That was what you went for, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was what I went for," Mr. Schurz exclaimed excitedly; "but how can a man discuss anything with the President when always there are other men there? I saw the President twice and each time I had to eat with him and all the Cabinet. Poof!"

The Wrong Party

MAYOR McCLELLAN has a butler in his Washington Square house who wears knee-breeches and the rest of a real butler's outfit—on ceremonial occasions.

The Mayor invited some Tammany leaders over to his house one evening to have dinner. One of them came early and was admitted by the stately butler.

The leader drew McClellan aside as soon as he had reached him and whispered hoarsely:

"Say, George, why didn't you tell me this was a masquerade party!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ There are more Jews in the district of Representative Sulzer, of New York, than there are in Jerusalem. Sulzer is of German descent.

¶ Fred Ireland, one of the official reporters of debates in the House of Representatives, is the fastest stenographer in the country. When the House is not in session he goes into the mountains and photographs wild animals for fun.

¶ The Roosevelt Administration has developed no great fisherman. The President doesn't think much of this sport and never tries it—and everybody else follows his lead.

¶ The galleries in Washington delight to hear Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, reply to a roll-call. He rolls out "O-i-i-i!" in a chest tone that makes the glass in the ceiling rattle.

¶ George Cabot Lodge, the son of the Senator from Massachusetts, is a poet of passion, but he doesn't make his living at it. He is clerk for his father during the daytime and writes poetry at night.

¶ Bourke Cockran slaps his thighs when he is speaking and wants to emphasize his points. He made that gesture thirty-seven times in an hour in a recent speech and everybody wondered if his thighs were not black and blue, for he hits them good, resounding whacks.

Mayor George B. McClellan, Sometimes Tammany's Host; Often Its Guest

The Lure o' the Wherewithal

A Story of Other Men's Cash

By William Hamilton Osborne

"He's in There Now," He Said

"Will be of one blood, ye and I."—Mowgli, the Man-cub.

OUGHELTREE, cashier and confidential man of Marchbank, Moore & Co., slipped from his tall stool and crept over to the corner where Miss Martin sat.

"They're going to give me an assistant," he confided. "What do you think of that?"

The click of the girl's typewriter ceased for an instant. "No?" she answered. "Who?"

Oughelтree jerked his thumb in the direction of the private offices. "He's in there now," he said.

Miss Martin flushed. "Not the well-dressed chap," she queried, "who went in with Mr. Moore?"

Oughelтree nodded and cracked the second joint of his middle finger. "Maybe," he ventured hopefully—"Maybe he'll marry you."

"Dear me," snickered Miss Martin soberly and pleasantly, "I—I hope he does! I'm sure it's about time somebody did."

Oughelтree cast toward the girl an admiring glance that was purely impersonal. "I don't see why somebody hasn't," he agreed; "if it wasn't for Emily—and the children, I—I'd have asked you myself. I would." He stopped and hunched his shoulders.

"Ssh!" he exclaimed. "Here he comes right now."

Moore, the junior partner, came out of his private office, and after him stalked a youth of twenty-four, immaculate as to attire and general appearance, broad as to shoulder, bright of eye, and with a healthy flush upon his face.

This flush deepened as the youth bowed to Miss Martin, for he was a woman's man, and Miss Martin clearly was a man's woman. And Miss Martin flushed, too. The first impression was a satisfactory one. Then the youth turned as Moore turned, and bore down upon Oughelтree, the cashier, with two or three quick strides. He seized Oughelтree's hand with an underclutch, and shook it fiercely.

"Glad to meet you, sir," he said. Then he stepped back and sighed. Billy Tolliver, assistant cashier and confidential man of Marchbank, Moore & Co., of Wall Street, had been introduced, and he had carried it off as every well set-up man of twenty-four knows how to do.

"I'll start right in," he said to Moore. So they fixed up a desk for him in the far corner of the outside office, and in three-quarters of an hour he had everything shipshape. His finishing touch was to affix to the wall just above his desk three mottoes. One of these had come up through the ages, out of the Ark. "Do it NOW!" it thundered. Another was quite as insistent: "Do the HARDEST thing FIRST." The third was a Wall Street motto, pure and simple: "*Keep a pushin' an' a shovin'.*"

Moore stopped on his way out and read the mottoes and laughed. "I guess we'll get along together—*al*together—all right, Mr. Tolliver," he said. "Don't you think so, Miss Martin?"

"I—I hope so, sir," assented Miss Martin demurely.

Oughelтree did not respond. He was holding a brief for the negative of the junior partner's proposition. Oughelтree knew that he, himself, would not get on with J. William Tolliver. He had known it the instant that his hand had been seized in that introductory grasp. For in the eye of Tolliver he had detected a glance of contempt—of superiority.

"Dead wood." That was the thing that Tolliver had said of Oughelтree with his eye, had thought with his brain; and Oughelтree knew it.

Oughelтree, the cashier and head man of Marchbank, Moore & Co., was a man in a rut. He was thirty-nine years old; a bit too long and lean. He had grown up with the firm; had stuck to it through thick and thin; had watched it rise from poverty to wealth. He was safe, sane, close-mouthed, honest. But he was of the old school. He was just beginning to realize that fact when Tolliver had stepped in and thrust it home—not by word of mouth, but by act, leer, innuendo.

"I hate him!" thought Oughelтree. "He's got no right to be here. They had no right to put him here."

However, Tolliver was there to stay. And—he did marry Miss Martin. Oughelтree, in the event, was glad of that. For, in the same impersonal way that he liked Miss Martin, he knew, instinctively, that J. William Tolliver was just the kind of man for her.

"'M sure," he said to the bride when she was married, and he and Emily, his wife, had reached the couple in the long line of guests—"'M sure I congratulate you, Mrs. Tolliver."

"Look here, old man," the groom said smugly, in good-natured correction, "you don't congratulate the bride these days. You congratulate the groom."

"By thunder," Oughelтree's temper had flashed back, "I didn't mean a word of it, anyhow, you jay!" The bride and groom and Emily and Oughelтree then laughed loudly, but uneasily, to cover up the feeling that for an instant had been laid bare; and the cashier and his wife passed on.

"Dead wood, both of 'em," whispered Tolliver to his bride.

Tolliver had done other things besides marrying Miss Martin. He was a child of Wall Street, to the manner born. He was in the mart and of it. He spent all his spare time within the walls of the Stock Exchange, constantly pushing along the interests of his firm, and remembering himself, now and then, on the side.

Long before his marriage, when he had been there but six months, Tolliver stepped up to Oughelтree's desk one day and pushed a sheet under his nose. "Here's a trick I turned for the firm," he said. "Look it over." Oughelтree looked. It was a transaction that had made for Marchbank, Moore & Co. a profit of three thousand dollars. Oughelтree asked Moore about it.

"You bet," Moore said enthusiastically; "Billy Tolliver put us on to it. He's the salt of the earth, that boy." Oughelтree shivered and shrunk back into his shell. He had never done anything like that. He wished that he knew how.

It was some eighteen months after Tolliver's marriage that a crisis arrived. It was midday. Tolliver, the assistant, had gone to lunch, and so had the new stenographer. Oughelтree, the cashier, was washing his hands at the stationary basin. This basin was located in a corner in such a way that it was invisible to a person standing at the entrance to the private offices. Oughelтree dried his hands. The door of the private room was open, and Oughelтree could hear Marchbank and Moore inside, talking. He heard Moore step to the door of the private room, and, though he could not see him, he knew that Moore stood there for an instant and looked about him.

"There's nobody here," said Moore to Marchbank, within. Then Moore went back. The voices of the firm were raised to normal pitch and Oughelтree could hear plainly what was said.

"I tell you, *yes*," Moore was saying to the senior member, "this lad Tolliver means thousands in our pocket, so it seems to me. See what he's done for us. Of what use is Oughelтree? Dead wood, that's all." Unconsciously, he had used Tolliver's expression. But to Oughelтree it seemed like a direct quotation. Tolliver had been fighting for his place behind his back—he was sure of that. But—wait! Marchbank was speaking now.

"But," protested the senior member, "we know Oughelтree. He's safe. We're sure of him. Tolliver may have earned us money. Oughelтree has saved us money. A penny saved, you know, Moore—a penny saved."

"Tolliver's safe," went on Moore; "I know it. His judgment is O. K. You will recall, Marchbank, that there was a time when you thought that I was dangerous; that I plunged too much. You remember that."

"I revised my opinion," admitted Marchbank, "to be sure." There was a long silence. Oughelтree tiptoed across the room, seized his hat and overcoat, and went out. Another man would have heard it out. But Oughelтree couldn't. He couldn't stand it. He saw it all too clearly—he knew it would come. Here it was the middle of December. Marchbank, Moore & Co. were getting ready for the new year, and when the new year came he knew what would happen. He shivered more, plunged into a little New Street eating-place and drank a cup of coffee.

"Emily and—the kids!" he faltered to himself. And the worst of it was that Moore was right. Oughelтree was a "pen-pusher," nothing more. He was honest, of course—but what of that?

Ten days passed. Oughelтree heard no more of it. But he fancied he detected a gleam of triumph in the eye of Billy Tolliver. He wasn't sure that it was triumph, but it looked that way. However, Oughelтree thrust it all behind him, for the end-of-the-year work was upon him, and he had to come early and stay late to get his balance-sheet in shape and to verify his books. One night—the night that he was finishing up Tolliver's records and reports—he was kept there until nine o'clock.

"Jove," he said, yawning, "I'll be glad when I get this job through."

Then, suddenly, the real crisis arrived. "Thunderation!" he exclaimed aloud. The echo of his voice reverberated noisily throughout the empty, silent rooms.

"It can't be so!" he told himself. Slowly, carefully, he went over his work. Then he climbed down from his stool and paced the floor—up and down, up and down, like one in a dream. Only the patch of light from the shaded incandescent lamp upon the papers on his desk told him that it was real—that the impossibility was, after all, the thing that had happened. He put his books away, turned out the light, locked up and went home.

"Was it a gleam of triumph?" he thought to himself. As he went home he whistled. There was something about it all that pleased him.

What had he discovered? Nothing much. Only this: J. William Tolliver was a thief to the tune of thirty-eight hundred and seventy-five dollars of the firm's good money. That was all. Tolliver had tried to cover it up. His books bore evidence of that. An ordinary man would never have discovered it. But to an expert!—Ah, there was some use in being a good "pen-pusher," after all! There was some use in being an honest man. "Dead wood!" Oughelтree told himself that he would see what Moore, the junior partner, had to say to this.

Billy Tolliver was late next morning. In his eye was still that gleam—the gleam that Oughelтree had mistaken once for a gleam of triumph. Oughelтree wasted no time. He bore down upon Billy Tolliver and thrust three sheets of paper in his hand. These were copies, not originals. The originals were locked up in Oughelтree's private box in the big safe.

"Mister Tolliver," said the cashier, "kindly tell me about these."

Three minutes later Billy Tolliver had dragged Oughelтree into a little anteroom; had locked the door; had slumped down upon his knees, begging for mercy.

Oughelтree shook his head. "It's grand larceny, you know!" he exclaimed. "The firm had ought to know it. I—I've got to tell 'em! How can I help it?"

"No—no!" yelled Billy Tolliver.

"Besides," went on Oughelтree coldly, "you *lied* to *me* about it—not five minutes ago. You lied—to *me*."

"I—I had to lie!" pleaded Tolliver. "A man's got to lie, sometimes." But Oughelтree stalked to the door. Tolliver hung upon him, pulling him back.

The Voices of the Firm were Raised to Normal Pitch and Oughelтree Could Hear Plainly What was Said

"Think of your wife, Ougheltree!" whimpered Tolliver. "My Heavens, man, think of Natalie! Think of *my* wife!"

Ougheltree stopped short. Miss Martin—Mrs. Tolliver! He had forgotten her. He had always liked her. This would—it might kill her—if . . . Well, no one could tell what might happen.

Ten minutes later the two men walked out side by side.

"I had it out with him," Ougheltree told himself; "he'll never do that again."

He had had it out with him. And Ougheltree had done a thing that might have been dangerous, traitorous almost. He had promised not to tell the firm. He had promised to forget. And Tolliver was to pay up—to work his fingers to the bone—until he had undone all that he ought not to have done.

"The Firm Had Ought to Know it. I—I've Got to Tell 'Em"

"There's one thing I want to tell you, Tolliver," said Ougheltree, "and when I tell you, perhaps you'll understand. When the first comes around, you'll get my desk, and I'll get . . ." (he shrugged his shoulders) —"I don't know what I'll get. I guess I'm nothing but old dead wood, anyhow."

Then, for the first time, Billy Tolliver knew Ougheltree for the man he was. By a turn of the wrist the cashier could have wiped Tolliver off the face of the earth. He refused to do it, at the exact moment when it was essential he should do it, for his own sake, for the sake of his wife, his children. Ougheltree was one of the old school, after all.

However, Ougheltree had been mistaken. The firm did not turn him down. In the final analysis, the counsel of Marchbank, the senior member, had prevailed. Moore had yielded, rather because of pity than for any other reason. "What would become of Ougheltree?" Moore had said: there was his motive. At any rate, the cashier retained his desk, Tolliver continued on as his assistant; everything remained as it was. And the firm never knew.

The crisis was directly responsible for one thing. Out of it there came concessions. The breach that had for years widened between Ougheltree and Tolliver, narrowed, and the two men shook hands. Billy Tolliver was too grateful for utterance. He took a silent oath of allegiance to Ougheltree.

With Ougheltree it was different. He had hated Tolliver. Now that he had done this favor he hated him the more. Still, for the sake of peace and comity, and because of Emily, he accepted the overtures of Tolliver. He waited, however, until Tolliver paid up the money he had taken. Ougheltree was nervous until then, for he felt personally responsible. When everything was cleared he took Emily over to see the Tolliver; the Tolliver came to see them.

"My," Emily said to Ougheltree, "but they're fine! How do they ever manage to live like that?"

Ougheltree groaned. He had noted it. It was all done honestly. The thirty-eight-hundred-dollar steal had been an accident—an error of judgment. Tolliver now was making good money, safely, down on the Exchange. Tolliver knew how. And he spent money, also, safely, wisely. Young Mrs. Tolliver was a dream beside Emily; Emily looked like a daguerreotype by her side. Emily too, was of the old school. Her clothes . . . But, no, it wasn't that. It was the money that made the difference. If Emily could only dress like Natalie Tolliver! And the Tolliver baby—why, Ougheltree's kids, as he called them, would have looked like that baby if they only had had the clothes, made by the right kind of people—the expensive people—who knew how.

"How can they do these things?" Emily was persisting, "when he's under you, down at the office there?"

Ougheltree groaned again. "Emily, girl," he said, "I'll tell you: we don't know how. I don't know how. Tolliver is a modern Wall Street man. . . ."

"You've been down there so much longer than he has," she murmured, "I should think . . . I don't see how . . ."

Emily was not finding fault. Ougheltree knew that. She well understood that what she and her husband were doing and the way they were living were just right, but she couldn't fathom this other thing—the Tolliver success.

But her plaint smote Ougheltree with double force: "He's under you. You've been there so much longer." Ougheltree started. Why, of course. He, Ougheltree, knew Wall Street; knew it as well as Moore; knew it better, even, than Tolliver did. Why couldn't he do what the others were doing? His wife's gentle plaint; the thought of the slim, graceful girl that had been Miss Martin—a girl still, while Emily was a frowsy old married woman—the Tolliver baby, and his own stuffily-clad, cheaply-clad children; Tolliver, a young man of the Street that the Street waved its hand to, and then himself, a slinker in and out of cheap restaurants: these things stung Ougheltree. They did more—they goaded him. And he hated Tolliver the more. He even came to hate Moore, the junior partner—simply because they were safe, up-to-date men, taking advantage of safe opportunities. And he hated Tolliver the more because he *knew* that Tolliver, in the event, had become safely honest—as honest as was Ougheltree himself.

In the midst of it Marchbank died. He, the senior member, left nothing save his interest in the firm. It was worth an even hundred thousand dollars. This share in the firm had made for Marchbank, under the agile manipulation of Moore, something like twenty-five thousand dollars per year—a satisfying income. But now, four weeks after his death, his widow entered the arena of events and closeted herself with Moore.

"I—I've come," she faltered, "to—to draw out Mr. Marchbank's share. I—I——" She hesitated, for she didn't want to hurt the feelings of the junior partner: "Mr. Marchbank always advised me to . . . "

Moore smiled soberly. "I know," he answered, "Mr. Marchbank was afraid of me as a partner, though he made me trustee in his will. I understand. I—I hope you understand. As trustee it will be my duty to invest the fund in authorized securities. Your income will not exceed five thousand dollars per year, if it reaches that. Your husband made much more."

"I know," she faltered, "but Mr. Marchbank said . . . "

Moore drew a long breath when it was over. He smiled to himself. "Just as I hoped," he told himself: "there'll be no division of the profits. There'll be the more for Moore of Marchbank-Moore."

So he sent her a voucher for the hundred thousand dollars and a statement of the exact amount of the quarter-yearly payments which she might expect.

Then he sent for Trelawney. The firm of Marchbank, Moore & Co. did a straight commission business—it acted for others, not for itself. But when it took a flyer on its own account it always used its private broker, Trelawney of Exchange Place.

"Now, Trelawney," said Moore, surviving partner, "sit down. I'm going to plunge a little on the side. And this transaction has got to be entirely cash. No checks, you understand—not on your life."

Meantime Ougheltree, the cashier, was shivering again. He shivered with fear that the surviving partner, free of the conservatism of Marchbank, would turn him off. He shivered with ambition; shivered as a man shivers before he plunges into the cold stream to bathe. For Ougheltree had made up his mind. He knew Wall Street as well as any of them. He had a bit of money saved up. He would do what Moore and Tolliver were doing—only he would do it better. He would wait until he was sure. Then he would go ahead. Once he had a good tip he would strike out.

His tip came before he was ready for it, almost. And it came from headquarters.

It came to him on the subway. Poring over his paper he heard scraps of the conversation of two men before him. They were talking Wall Street. Suddenly his heart stood still. For one of the men was Schenck—Willoughby G. Schenck, the real Schenck of the Street, king of the P. R. & W., earl, duke and baron of many other estates. The other man Ougheltree did not know. And Ougheltree knew most of the men on Wall Street by sight, too. But the other man didn't count. The thing that did count was the thing that Willoughby G. Schenck whispered to the other man, in a tone that happened to be just loud enough to reach the ear of Ougheltree.

"You *buy* Amalgamated," whispered Willoughby G., pressing a fat thumb into the other man's knee.

Ougheltree bought Amalgamated. He consulted no one. He didn't tell Tolliver and he didn't tell Moore. He was satisfied. For his tip was from the man who manipulated Amalgamated. It was safe.

A week later his broker wanted more margin and got it. Ougheltree's butcher, baker and candlestick-maker had to wait; for this thing was too good to lose.

Ten days after that he heard Tolliver ordering *his* little broker to *sell* some Amalgamated, just a little of it, for a flyer. Ougheltree laughed in his sleeve. He said nothing to Tolliver; it was none of his business; his business was just to hold on to a dead-sure thing. And as he held on the lines grew deep and deeper in his face; his shoulders drooped—but he held fast.

Trelawney, private broker of Marchbank, Moore & Co., swung into the office one afternoon. It was late. Ougheltree was out. Moore was out. The stenographer was in an inside office. But Tolliver was there.

Trelawney thrust his hand into his trousers' pocket. "Billy," he said, "here's ten thousand odd, in cash. You don't know about it. It's a flyer of Moore's—personal matter. It's his profit. He wanted it in cash and I brought it. I'm starting to California to-night. Gone six weeks or two months. Made a bit last week, myself. Give it to him, will you? Hold tight. O. K. So long." He darted out.

Fifteen minutes later Ougheltree came in. He had been out to get a drink. He had felt the need of it.

"Ougheltree," said Tolliver, passing over the cash, "here's what Trelawney brought in. It's for Moore. Private. I'm going. You pass it to him, or deposit it, will you? Take charge of it, anyhow. I won't be here till twelve to-morrow, maybe." And then he, too, went out. And the stenographer was still in the inside office, out of sight and out of hearing.

Ougheltree thrust the money into his trousers' pocket. "That was a sure tip," he reasoned anxiously. "It must be sure."

. . . . . .

It was two months later that Moore called to Tolliver: "Say, Billy," he exclaimed, "Trelawney's back, and I asked him about a deal he had for me. He says he brought in my profits six weeks ago or so—in cash. Know anything about 'em?"

"Sure," answered Tolliver; "I remember it all right. He gave the cash to me—one afternoon, late. I passed it to Ougheltree. He probably put it in the safe. Anyhow he got it and it's O.K."

Ougheltree saw them coming. Night and day, in his dreams and in disordered imagination, he had seen them coming, for the purpose that they came. He was ready for them.

"By the way, Ougheltree," said Moore, "you got a roll of cash from Trelawney. Remember?—About two months ago. It was my profit—deal on the side. I sold Amalgamated." Ougheltree shivered—but it was imperceptible. Moore had sold Amalgamated, and had made ten thousand; he had bought; yet that tip must be . . . But he caught himself, and only answered Moore with a blank shake of the head.

"I never got it," he returned.

"What?" said Moore. He turned to Tolliver.

"Why, Ougheltree," interposed Tolliver, "I gave it to you. Don't you remember? Don't you——" Then he stopped. For suddenly he had come to understand.

Ougheltree looked Tolliver squarely in the face. He looked Moore squarely in the face. He could do it, because behind him, forcing him through this tragedy, was

(Continued on Page 20)

"I Can't Take it," Cried Ougheltree

THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

ON RAMBLING DRIVING TRIPS

DRIVING into Massachusetts, one day, just over the line from New York State, and descending a long hill into the depths of a narrow valley, we came upon a fine old house, of sun-bleached white, set back from the road among old vines and bushes, and with great maples shading the broad and generous doorway. A modest sign, "For Rent," was nailed upon the gate-post. The whole place had an air of repose and the charm of days gone by. Leaving the horse, we went in through the gate. What a paradise for a home! Many miles from a railroad; and what an air the place had! We walked up the path, with the grass hanging over it from the tangled lawn. There was an old portico with seats on each side. There was a knocker on the door. The door was shabby. The side-lights gave a glimpse of the hall, with wall-paper in mottled marble blocks. An old clock stood at the bend of the stairs. Two green Windsor chairs were in the hall.

The caretaker, an old farm-hand from a neighboring field, came in at the gate. He gave us the key and sat down on the doorstep to wait and smoke.

We went through the house. There were old settles by the kitchen hearth. There were two four-poster beds. There were old splint-bottom chairs. There were candlesticks of pewter and brass, and iron fire-dogs.

The whole house had a scattering of furniture, but was far from completely furnished. Yet there was enough for the suggestion of a fascinating home.

We were completely carried away with our find of this old house, apparently forsaken by its owners and awaiting a new home-maker. We went back to the door. The old man rose up and, after a moment of hesitation, grinned. Just why he should grin was not apparent, but that it was from a sense of some subtle joke was quite clear.

"What place is this?"

"The old W—— place."

"How long since it has been occupied?"

"Nine years. And last spring, Mr. G——, the present owner, fixed it up."

"Is any of the furniture to be sold, or is the house to be rented furnished?"

But the man was a Yankee. "Do you want to rent or do you want to buy?" he asked.

We were not Yankees, but he was answered with another question: "What is the rent?"

"Six—hundred—dollars—for—the—season!" he lined out slowly, as if he were relishingly rolling the money under his tongue.

We were surprised, and said so, for we knew something of rents in neighborhoods far from a railway.

"Yes. Six—hundred—dollars! That's what he's looking to get. You're only nine miles from Lenox over that mountain, though it's thirteen by road."

He looked at us. "Do you want to rent it?"

"No." We smiled. We knew that there was to be some explanation.

"Well, I'm to give anybody that looks at it one of these."

With that he shoved out, with a motion like that of breaking coal with a poker, a card; and the card was that of a well-known dealer in antiques on Fourth Avenue.

It was all plain. It did not need the garrulous explanation of how the dealer had leased the old house, bought what old things he could in the vicinity, and sent out others from his New York shop.

The old caretaker walked down to the hitching-post with us. "You're the fourth ones to look at it. Lenox don't seem to come over very fast. I helped put up those beds and balance that clock on that turning step of the stairs. It wouldn't hold the fourth corner of the clock, so I put a stick under it. Yes, the W——s are all dead. The house has been for rent for seventy-two dollars a year for year after year, and now this New Yorker has it and puts in these old traps. Don't you want to buy any of them? The other folks took off chairs and candlesticks. The price is pasted on 'em. Ninety dollars for that clock. It's pine and won't go. Fifteen dollars apiece for those old green chairs; the price is on 'em under the seat. A hundred dollars for the dining-table. No? You are the beatenest folks! You don't seem to care for these things. You came over the wrong mountain. The folks from over Lenox mountain just paid what the label said and went off tickled to death."

An Open-Hearth "Franklin" in Guest Room. Andirons for a Silver Quarter. Gipsy Kettle for Wood Box

There was certainly nothing the matter with the old farmhouse—except the rent; nothing the matter with the articles the dealer had put in—except that he was asking more than New York prices on account of their present environment. It was certainly an amusing and unexpected way to sell antiques and enhance the rentable value of a house. It could not be called a trap, for the articles of furniture were all genuine.

Driving trips need not always be distant from one's home. At times the most surprising discoveries may be made but a short distance from where one lives.

We were out, one day, driving about the country, and came to a road so steep that the buggy seemed in imminent danger of sliding down over the back of the horse. The happy nomenclature of the neighborhood, so it appeared, had given to this road the cognomen of the "Teakettle Spout," on such an abrupt and dipping line was it constructed.

At the foot of the descent a little stream forced its way with clamorous perseverance over the rocks with which the bed was filled. And on the farther side, on a sort of shelf of land a little above the brook, stood an ancient gabled cottage with dentilled portico.

A widow lived there, with her son and an ancient servant—a servant such as these modern days can never develop! Old, old she was—one could almost think her older than the house—and with such an ancient, unstayed gown, and with a perfect gem of a mulberry-colored melon bonnet of cotton print, shaped like a scoop, quilted with cottony puffs and lined ridges, and encompassing a gentle, faithful face. Sukey; that was her fitting name. And in that lonely house, in that steep valley, with such a servant, it seemed certain that there must be treasure.

Falling into a talk of old times and old things, we were shown up the steep stairs into the attic. Well, there was not so very much, after all; but there were cupboards and chests, and a litter of jugs and jars and baskets, badly broken and in sad repair.

And there, against the farther wall, was an ancient four-poster, piled high with blue feather-ticks. It was a slender Heppelwhite frame, without elaborate ornamentation, but well and capably built. Ornamentation, indeed, is more apt to be lacking on old four-posters than on any other class of furniture. The drapery, the curtains, were more depended upon for fine looks than the framework. Even George Washington, when at home, slept in a bed of comparatively plain frame. The poet's ideal of the builders who, in the elder days of art, wrought each minute and unseen part with greatest care, does not hold as to bed-making in the eighteenth century; nor, in fact, does it hold to any appreciable extent in the art-work of centuries ago, human nature being always pretty much the same and there never having been very much of strong determination to beautify what was to be hidden.

With no difficulty, the four-poster was obtained, and it was arranged that the son was to drive it within a few days to our home.

And so, one morning, there was the sound of a wagon stopping at our door, and, looking out, we saw the son of the widow. But where was the four-poster! It was not visible, and so the presumption was that the young man had come to say that, after all, they did not wish to dispose of it.

But the bed was there! At the house we had told the widow that we did not care for the side-pieces nor those at the head and foot. These pieces were full of rope-holes through which, in old-time days, the rope was crossed and crisscrossed to make a strong foundation for the bedding and to hold the bedstead together. And although they seemed clean enough, it seemed unnecessary to use these pieces of wood that were full of holes. Without these side-pieces, head-piece and foot-piece, the bedstead, when taken down, was but a bundle of sticks—the four posts and the slender bars of the canopy.

The problem presented by a bed that was now without ends and sides was overcome by the use of an iron bedstead strictly hygienic and up-to-date—old enough in association, too, if one must insist, for of Og, King of Bashan, we read that "his bedstead was a bedstead of iron." It exactly fitted the space between the upright posts. To the corners of this iron bedstead the posts were fastened. A valance was made to cover the iron frame. All that showed, therefore, was just what ought to show: the canopy and the posts.

In meeting strangers, on one's random rambles in the country, offense is often needlessly given, and an opportunity lost, by the blunt inquiry as to whether things are for sale. Most people rightly resent this. They dislike having a stranger come to their door and, pointing to this or that article, ask, "How much?" Even though they may really wish to sell they resent the implication that they have the appearance of being so poor as to desire to dispose of anything, or the alternative implication that they do not themselves have sufficient taste to care for what others deem beautiful.

But the danger of giving offense, of hurting the feelings of the sensitive, of making one's self disagreeable, of thereby losing the chance of an acquisition, is entirely avoided by a direct inquiry as to whether the owner of the thing you want knows of any one in the neighborhood who possesses similar articles and would be willing to sell. It is really astonishing what a difference the use of this formula makes. Many a person who would draw away from a direct question is ready to sell when he thinks your inquiry is directed toward his neighbor!

After learning not to be too quick to consider a piece of furniture older

The Heppelwhite Four-post Bed

The Four-poster Stripped, Showing the Use of Metal Bed

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers of instruction by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton, written out of their own experience in the quest of old-fashioned furniture.

A Panel of Windsors. 1—Showing Extension Back. 2—Graceful Back, Locally Called a "Fiddle-string" Windsor

Exceptionally Fine Examples. 1—A New York Chair Made Before 1750. 2—A Pennsylvania Chair, Probably 1790

1—With Perforated Splat Down the Centre, Showing that it was Made in Great Britain. 2—Simple Design for Porch

than it is, it is important not to go to the other extreme of being too quick to consider it new. At any time, and especially upon driving rambles into comparatively unfrequented regions, the very old or the unexpected may be happened upon.

At a house, almost a cabin, near a village which gave its name to one of the great battles, we found the owner and occupant to be the descendant of one of the old families, ruined by the Civil War and its havoc. His father had lived in a great house which had been destroyed; but servants had saved, and he now proudly took out and displayed old commissions and letters and seals of Colonial and Revolutionary days, and, at the last, the uniform of a colonel in the Mexican War, with sword and soft red sash.

It was in a bleak and scantily-settled hill country, some fifty miles from the town, Gallipolis, where unhappy exiles from France, refugees from the French Revolution, vainly tried to hew homes out of the Ohio wilderness, that we came upon a sunny farmhouse, a veritable bit out of New England, the home of one of the early settlers, where, in a cupboard off the dining-room, there were forty pieces of lavender "sprigged" china, the cups and sugar-bowl and plates being of octagonal form; and in this house there were old prints, framed in narrow black as they would be framed to-day, of battles and heroes of the War of 1812.

If one only realizes it, it is sometimes as easy to go from one place to another, within reasonable limits, on a vacation outing, as to remain fixed at one point. It was on a brief summer driving-trip that we went through the French Creek region of Pennsylvania; that region in which Washington first won reputation, early in the 1750's, as envoy from the Governor of Virginia to the commandant of a French fort but a few miles from Lake Erie.

We stayed over night at a somewhat old-fashioned hotel in a little town; and the room in which Lafayette had slept, on the occasion of his triumphal progress through the United States when an old man, was shown us, and the ball-room where he had danced. It was doubtless a mistake of the stonemason that made the date upon the building, cut in the stone upon the front, a year later than that of Lafayette's visit!

However, the house had a good deal of dignity of its own; and it also had a really good specimen of Empire sideboard, very large, with pillars and claw feet, that stood out of sight in a passageway between dining-room and kitchen.

The proprietor was pleased that it was looked upon as of any interest. Frankly, he did not greatly value it. "I am using it, you see," he said; "but if you care to have a carpenter build a set of drawers, with doors, in there for me, to put my dishes in, you can take the sideboard away."

Well, there were reasons why it was inconvenient to remain there and superintend the necessary work; and generous though the hotel-keeper's offer was, its acceptance would have made the obtaining of the sideboard an expensive matter, after all—as all who have had doors

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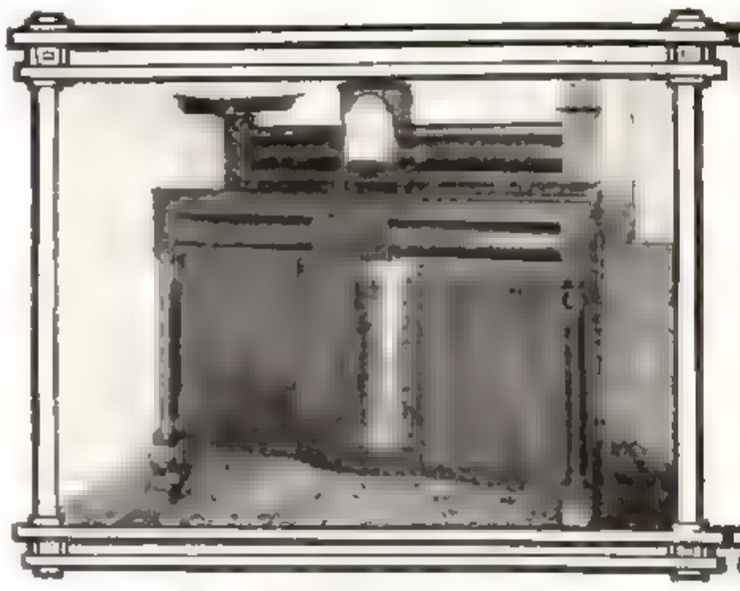
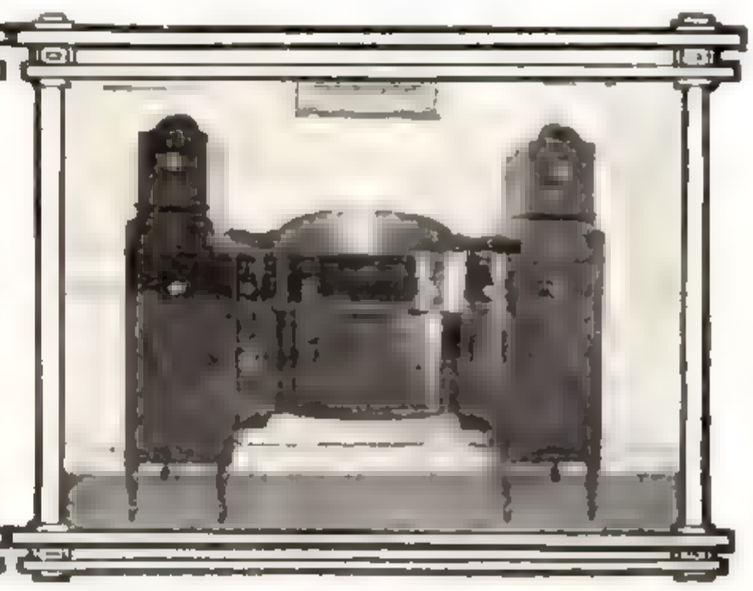


Empire Sideboard of 1820, and a Specially Fine London Table-Clock of About the Middle of the Eighteenth Century, Mentioned in this Installment



Sideboard of Sheraton Design, Late Eighteenth Century. Swell Front, a Rare and Beautiful Piece, but with its Effectiveness Lessened by the Heaviness of the Knife-Boxes. In the Collection at Stenton

KELLY'S LIMIT

The Politician, the Hydrant-Key, and the Sixth Ward Improvement Association

By WILLIAM HARD

There is a line which some might miss,
But I have drawn it pat;
And, while I might at times do *this*,
I never would do *that*.

WHEN Kelly was Democratic County Central-Committeeman the air was full of hydrant-keys. So Kelly reached out and grabbed one, and took it home and tried it on the hydrant in front of Larry's saloon at the corner. It fitted beautifully.

Three months later Michael Kelly & Co., Practical Sprinklers, had five vertical-spray wagons at work in the Sixth Ward. The hydrant-key was also at work. It struck the official city hydrants like Moses' rod and the water gushed out gratuitously. When the monthly water-bills were emitted from the City Hall to the sprinkling companies none ever made its way to Kelly. He had never applied for the hydrant-key. He had found it.

Kelly was very good at finding things. Things came his way and fluttered around his smile like sand-flies around a lamp.

The first thing he had found, after fortifying his youthful health by a long career on the baseball field, had been an appropriate position as clerk in the Health Department. His weight and complexion seemed to qualify him to adorn and to exemplify that department.

During the course of the first forenoon he appeared before the Commissioner of Health with an expression of just resentment on his face.

"That fellow MacManaman's been giving me orders," said he. "I just wanted you to stop him."

"What are you talking about?" said the Commissioner. "MacManaman's chief clerk. He's got a right to give you orders."

Kelly was stunned. Then he smiled slowly as the full extent of MacManaman's perfidy laid itself bare.

"Sure, he's been keeping it from you," said Kelly. "He ain't told you anything about it. I don't blame him, but you ought to know."

"Know what?" said the Commissioner irritably.

"He's a Connaught man," said Kelly, still smiling at the thought of the joke that MacManaman had been playing on the Commissioner.

It was the Commissioner's turn to be stunned.

"You're crazy, Kelly," he said. "Run along."

Kelly's smile was replaced with a flush of amazement and of scorn. "I won't run along," he said. "It ain't right, and I won't stand for it. A man from Connaught! Me take orders from a man from Connaught! Just because he's got a job to be chief clerk! Not while I can remember where my mother is buried!"

This speech made Kelly with the Mayor. Before closing time in the afternoon, the gossips of the City Hall had apprised his Honor of the fact that in the Health Department there was a new Irishman whose ideas of business organization were such that he refused to take orders from the chief clerk on the ground that the latter came from some district in Ireland of which his mother had disapproved.

His Honor was delighted. He was a tired man with weary eyes and a kindly, indulgent smile. Nothing pleased him more than the foibles of his subordinates or their scruples. In the gray sea of politics these foibles or scruples (they looked much alike to him) were so many charming little whitecaps, breaking into froth and relieving the monotony.

He sent for Kelly.

"I hear you're going to leave," he said.

"Sure and I'm not," said Kelly.

"But you said you wouldn't take orders from MacManaman."

"What's that got to do with leaving?" said Kelly.

The Mayor lay back in his chair and felt rested. His eyes twinkled and he looked at Kelly with the amused smile in which few politicians detected the note of semi-contemptuous superiority.

It Fitted Beautifully

"Kelly," he said, "you're a bird! I think I'd like to make you assistant to my secretary. He never heard of Connaught. Will you do it?"

From that time on Kelly found things with even greater ease than before. His Honor was a good judge of men. If a man would stand up against Connaught just because his mother had expressed an aversion to it, his Honor calculated that he would spend his time and money for a friend just because he saw him every day. That was the kind of man his Honor needed.

So Kelly found a seat in the City Council and then a seat in the County Central Committee, and then the hydrant-key above mentioned, which turned out to be the most important find that he had ever made.

For several years that hydrant-key worked industriously and profitably. It tapped the hydrants in the Sixth Ward and the vertical-spray wagons shot the macadam pavements full of holes after the manner of such wagons, and Kelly's neighbors paid him four cents a front foot per month, and Kelly himself spent a large part of the money in Larry's saloon at the corner. Especially did he spend his money on O'Brien.

O'Brien wasn't a Democratic County Central-Committeeman, but he tried to be in the sprinkling business, and he had to look for his hydrant-key with a fifty-dollar permit before he could find it. Also, he had to come up with a hundred dollars every month for the water which his sprinkling wagons consumed. These drawbacks resulted in the transfer of a large part of his business to Kelly. So Kelly was always finding him over at Larry's corner.

"He's a fine fellow, that Kelly," said O'Brien.

"O'Brien's all right," said Kelly. "I'm going to get his mother a job to be janitress in the City Hall."

But then there arose in the City Hall, in place of the Mayor with the indulgent smile, a new Mayor, a young man who thought he knew more than men who were old enough to be his father. This young man invented the idea that everybody should pay for his hydrant-key and that the water-office should know where all the hydrant-keys were. So he sent out a bunch of knockers who rounded up all the hydrant-keys in the city. Among others they found Kelly's. They found it undeniably working with its nose in the corner hydrant just outside Larry's saloon.

Kelly went down at once to see the Mayor.

"Who's been knocking me?" said Kelly.

"Nobody," said the Mayor.

"I've always been with you," said Kelly, "and if anybody says I ain't he's a liar."

So then, with instinctive native diplomacy, Kelly said nothing further, but went out silently to look for his key. He had squared himself with the Mayor, and he loafed about the corridors of the water-office waiting for the custodian of the keys to get the tip.

There seemed to be a delayed pass about that tip.

"I put myself right with the Mayor," said Kelly to the new Water Commissioner. "Somebody'd been trying to queer me, but I got there in time. I'm strong now."

"Glad to hear it," said the Water Commissioner, shaking hands hurriedly and then turning back to the diagrams on his desk. This was the same Water Commissioner who invented the idea of having the men in the water-office come down to work every day. His intention of slighting Kelly by going on working in his presence was too obvious to be overlooked.

"They've been knocking me to you, too," said Kelly. "There's somebody working against me."

A few days later his suspicions were confirmed. He went in to see the Mayor about Mrs. O'Brien. It was the first time that he had asked a job from the new administration. His smile was a smile of confidence as he entered the Mayor's office. But when he came out his teeth were set and his eyes had the look of a man who is searching for his enemy. The Mayor had put him off with the transparent subterfuge that Mrs. O'Brien was over eighty years old, and that a somewhat younger woman might be more satisfactory in carrying pails and in scrubbing floors.

"I hate a knocker," said Kelly that night over Larry's bar. "And I'll find that fellow who's been knocking me if it takes me a thousand years. If a man can go into politics and get some favors for himself I ain't got no kick coming, eh? Ain't that right? But when a fellow don't want anything for himself, but just goes around and knocks another fellow and keeps him from getting what he wants, I ain't got no time for him. That's right, ain't it? That's good sense. I bet it's one of them fellows from the Citizens' Sixth Ward Neighborhood Improvement Association. Ever see such a bunch of knockers? Never around except when they've got a kick! Did they do anything for the Mayor when he was running? Not on your life! But just listen to the roar they make about the streets! And did you see the street-cleaning expert they've got from Boston? Looks like one of these British officers you used to see the pictures of in the Boer War. I put up my money for the Mayor when he was elected. That's what I did. I didn't see any of them Improvement fellows around then. All that they want is to have the city work for them without them doing anything for the man that's got to be elected to run the city. Cheap trick, ain't it? If any of them's been knocking me, I'll show him up to the Mayor till he's good and sick."

"Did You Turn Him Down, Mike?"

Six months passed while Kelly was searching for his concealed foes. It was a time of great mystery and the days were long. Every morning Kelly came down to the City Hall and resumed his labor of exploration. Every evening he took the car for home with his antagonists still undiscovered.

The Mayor was reticent. All that he would say was that as far as janitresses were concerned he could get younger and stronger women for the same wages.

"But Mrs. O'Brien needs the job," said Kelly. "She ain't got enough to eat."

For once the Mayor's clear course of duty looked dubious to him. He frowned and hesitated. But then, "I can't help it," he said. "I've got to get the most I can out of the city's money."

The Water Commissioner was as reticent as the Mayor. Every day Kelly dropped in to chat with the custodian of the hydrant-keys. And every day he lounged by the Water Commissioner's desk. But there was no response. The keys were all labeled, ticketed, pigeonholed and card-catalogued. They no longer lay about loose on the tops of the desks. They no longer protruded promiscuously from the pockets of friendly clerks.

"I've got nothing against you, Kelly," said the Water Commissioner. "But everybody else is paying for their keys and for their water. You can't expect me to make an exception for you."

Kelly was more chagrined and more bewildered than ever as he dropped heavily into a seat on a homeward-bound car that evening. He was very tired. His sprinkling business had been rapidly dropping away from him. He was obliged now to pay a hundred dollars a month for his water, and he had also been compelled to make a payment of fifty dollars for one of the new breed of ticketed and card-catalogued hydrant-keys. He longed for the old, beatific, phantom kind of key which just grew out of the atmosphere without any preliminary financial ceremonies. Under the new system he hadn't been able to meet the competition of the other sprinkling firms. He had done his best. He had frequented the City Hall from morning to night. He had walked himself sick searching for the inscrutable influence which had poisoned the mind of the administration against him. His efforts had been vain. He felt beaten. But just then the car swung round the corner and the familiar sight of Larry's saloon and of his faithful admirers standing in the doorway filled him with renewed confidence.

"I'll find them yet," said Kelly to himself as he dropped off the car.

"Have a drink, boys," he continued, walking happily through the crowd into the saloon and jingling two quarters together in his pocket.

Larry, with an automatic impulse from days gone by, looked at him expecting him to draw out a roll of bills and hold them in his hands. He failed to do so. Larry came back to date with a jerk.

"The drinks are on me," he said brusquely.

"No, they're not," said Kelly.

"Sure they are," said Larry. "What'll you have, gentlemen?"

Kelly looked at him sharply and got very red.

"I'm going to buy," said Kelly with an edge on his voice. "Can't I buy if I want to?"

It was plain from Larry's face that he was convicted. And the men in the room had a fellow-consciousness of guilt as they drew up to the bar and drank the drink which each of them wished he was paying for. Everybody wanted to speak. Nobody spoke. For the first time in his life Kelly himself hunted for something to say without finding it.

"He's a Fine Fellow, that Kelly," Said O'Brien

The empty glasses were set down on the table and Kelly walked back by the slot-machine and dragged a chair toward the window.

Then O'Brien thought of a subject for conversation. He was still in the sprinkling business and he thought Kelly would be interested in a piece of trade gossip.

"What d'you think?" he said. "I hear the Sixth Ward Improvement Association's got a permit for free water for sprinkling and the Mayor's given them a free hydrant-key."

Kelly rose from his seat very white.

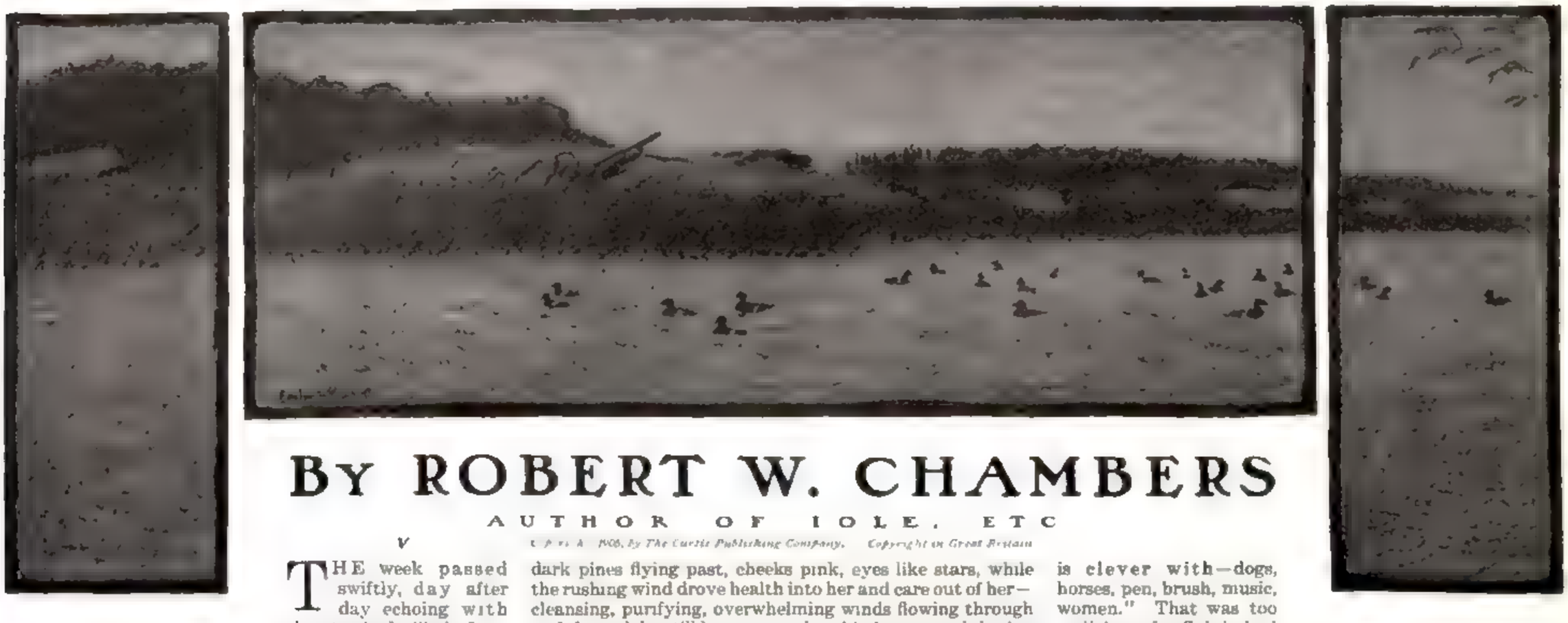
"What did you say? A free hydrant-key?"

"Yep. They've raised a subscription for cutting down the weeds on the vacant lots and for filling up the holes in the pavements. And they've hired fellows to come from all over the United States to lecture for them and to tell them how the city is run. So the Mayor's given them a free hydrant-key because they're mixing up in public affairs and he's grateful to them. It's all about making the city beautiful."

Kelly's roar of rage called in all the idlers from around the corner. "They're the fellows that's been after me!" he cried. "They got the Mayor to take my key away from me and now they've got one of their own. If they'd come to me and asked me to get them a key when my pull was good I'd have done it for them all right. You know that.

(Concluded on Page 18)

THE FIGHTING CHANCE



By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC

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V

THE week passed swiftly, day after day echoing with the steady fusillade from marsh to covert, from valley to ridge. Guns flashed at dawn and dusk along the flat tidal reaches haunted of black mallard and teal; the smokeless powder cracked through alder swamp and tangled windfall where the brown grouse burst away into noisy, blundering flight; where the woodcock, wilder now, shrilled skyward like feathered rockets, and the big northern hares, not yet flecked with snowy patches of fur, loped off into swamps to the sad undoing of several of the younger setters.

There was a pheasant drive at Black Fells to which the Ferralls' guests were bidden by Beverly Plank—a curious scene, where ladies and gentlemen stood on a lawn, backed by an army of loaders and gun-bearers, while another improvised army of beaters drove some thousands of frightened, bewildered, homeless foreign pheasants at the guns. And the miserable aliens that escaped the guns were left to perish in the desolation of a coming winter which they were unfitted to withstand.

So the first week of the season sped gayly, ending on Saturday with a heavy flight of northern woodcock and an uproarious fusillade among the silver birches.

Leroy Mortimer had given up shooting and established himself as a haunter of cushions in sunny corners. Tom O'Hara had gone back to Lenox; Mrs. Vendenning to Hot Springs. Beverly Plank, master of Black Fells, began to pervade the house after a tentative appearance; and he and Major Belwether pottered about the coverts, usually after luncheon—the latter doing little damage with his fowling-piece, and nobody knew how much with his gossiping tongue. Quarrier appeared in the field methodically, shot with judgment, taking no chances for a brilliant performance which might endanger his respectable average. As for the Page boys, they kept the river-ducks stirring whenever Eileen Shannon and Rena Bonnesdel could be persuaded to share the canoes with them.

Two matters occupied Siward; since "cup day" he had never had another opportunity to see Sylvia Landis alone; that was the first matter. He had touched neither wine nor spirits nor malt since the night Ferrall had found him prone, sprawling in a stupor on his disordered bed. That was the second matter, and it occupied him, at times required all his attention, particularly when the physical desire for it set in, steadily, mercilessly, mounting inexorably like a tide. . . . But, like the tide, it ebbed at last, particularly when a sleepless night had exhausted him.

He had gone back to his shooting again after a cool review of the ethics involved. It even amused him to think that the whimsical sermon delivered him by a girl who had cleverness enough to marry many millions, with Quarrier thrown in, could have so moved him to sentimentality.

As for Sylvia, she and Grace Ferrall had taken to motoring, driving away into the interior, or taking long flights north and south along the coast. Sometimes they took Quarrier, sometimes, when Mrs. Ferrall drove, they took in ballast in the shape of a superfluous Page boy and a girl for him. Once Grace Ferrall asked Siward to join them, but, no definite time being set, he was scarcely surprised to find them gone when he returned from a morning on the snipe meadows. And Sylvia, leagues away by that time, curled up in the tonneau beside Grace Ferrall, watched the dark pines flying past, cheeks pink, eyes like stars, while the rushing wind drove health into her and care out of her—cleansing, purifying, overwhelming winds flowing through and through her till her very soul within her seemed shining through the beauty of her eyes. Besides, she had just confessed.

. . . . . .

"He *kissed* you!" repeated Grace Ferrall incredulously.

"Yes—a number of times. He was silly enough to do it, and I let him."

"Did—did he say ——"

"I don't know what he said: I was all nerves—confused scared a perfect stick, in fact! . . . I don't believe he'd care to try again."

"He is the sweetest fellow with his mother," sighed Grace presently; "and that counts heavily with me. But there's trouble ahead for her—sorrow and trouble enough for them both, if he is a true Siward."

"Heredity again!" said Sylvia impatiently. "Isn't he man enough to win out? I'll bet you he settles down, marries, and ——"

"Marries? Not he! How many girls do you suppose have believed that—were justified in believing he meant anything by his attractive manner and nice ways of telling you how much he liked you? He had a desperate affair with Mrs. Mortimer—innocent enough, I fancy. He's had a dozen within three years; and in a week Rena Bonnesdel has come to making eyes at him, and Eileen gives him no end of chances which he doesn't see. As for Marion Page, the girl had been on the edge of loving him for years! You laugh? But you are wrong; she is in love with him now as much as she ever can be with anybody."

"You mean ——"

"Yes, I do. Hadn't you suspected it?"

And, as Sylvia had suspected it, she remained silent.

"If any woman in this world could keep him to the mark, she could," continued Mrs. Ferrall. "He's a perfect fool not to see how she cares for him."

Sylvia said: "He is, indeed."

"It would be a sensible match if she cared to risk it, and if he would only ask her. But he won't."

"Perhaps," ventured Sylvia, "she'll ask him. She strikes me as that sort. I do not mean it unkindly—only Marion is *so* tailor-made ——"

Mrs. Ferrall looked up at her.

"*Did* he propose to you?"

"Yes—I think so."

"Then it's the first time for him. He finds women only too willing to play with him as a rule, and he doesn't have to be definite. I wonder what he meant by being so definite with you?"

"I suppose he meant marriage," said Sylvia serenely; yet there was the slightest ring in her voice; and it amused Mrs. Ferrall to try her a little further.

"Oh, you think he really intended to commit himself?"

"Why not?" retorted Sylvia, turning red. "Do you think he found me over-willing, as you say he finds others?"

"You were probably a new sensation for him," inferred Mrs. Ferrall musingly. "You mustn't take him seriously, child—a man with his record. Besides, he has the same facility with a girl that he has with everything else he tries: his pen—you know how infernally clever he is; and he can make good verse, and write witty jingles, and he can carry home with him any opera and play it decently, too, with the proper harmonies. Anything he finds amusing he is clever with—dogs, horses, pen, brush, music, women." That was too malicious, for Sylvia had flushed up painfully, and Grace Ferrall dropped her gloved hand on the hand of the girl beside her. "Child, child," she said, "he is *not* that sort!"

Sylvia, sitting up very straight in her furs, said: "He found me anything but difficult—if that's what you mean."

"I don't. Please don't be vexed, dear. I plague everybody when I see an opening. There's really only one thing that worries me about it all."

"What is that?" asked Sylvia without interest.

"It's that you *might* be tempted to care a little for him, which, being useless, might be unwise."

"I am . . . tempted."

"Not seriously!"

"I don't know." She turned in a sudden nervous impatience foreign to her. "Howard Quarrier is too perfectly imperfect for me. I'm glad I've said it. The things he knows about and doesn't know have been a revelation in this last week with him. There is too much surface, too much exterior admirably fashioned. And inside is all clockwork. I've said it; I'm glad I have. He seemed different at Newport; he seemed nice at Lenox. The truth is, he's a horrid disappointment—and I'm bored to death at my brilliant prospects."

The low, whizzing hum of the motor filled a silence that produced considerable effect upon Grace Ferrall. And, after mastering her wits, she said in a subdued voice:

"Of course it's my meddling."

"Of course it isn't. I asked your opinion, but I knew what I was going to do. Only, I did think him personally possible—which made the expediency, the mercenary view of it, easier to contemplate."

She was becoming as frankly brutal as she knew how to be, which made the revolt the more ominous.

"You don't think you could endure him for an hour or two a day, Sylvia?"

"It is not that," said the girl almost sullenly.

"But ——"

"I'm afraid of myself call it inherited mischief if you like!"

"You are not *that* sort!" said Mrs. Ferrall bluntly. "Don't be exotic, Sylvia."

"How do you know—if *I* don't know? Most girls are kissed: I—well, I didn't expect to be. But I was! I tell you, Grace, I *don't* know what I am or shall be. I'm unsafe; I know that much."

"It's moral and honest to realize it," said Mrs. Ferrall suavely; "and in doing so you insure your own safety. Sylvia dear, I wish I hadn't meddled; I'm meddling some more, I suppose, when I say to you, *don't* give Howard his *congé* for the present. It is a horridly common thing to dwell upon, but Howard is too *materially* important to be cut adrift on the impulse of the moment."

"I know it."

"You are too clever not to. Consider the matter wisely, dispassionately, intelligently, dear; then, if by April you simply can't stand it—talk the thing over with me again," she ended rather vaguely and wistfully; for it had been her heart's desire to wed Sylvia's beauty and Quarrier's fortune, and the suitability of the one for the other was apparent enough to make even sterner moralists wobbly in their creed.

Quarrier, as a detail of modern human architecture, she supposed might fit in somewhere, and took that for granted in laying the corner-stone for her fairy palace which Sylvia was to inhabit. And now—oh, vexation!—the neglected but essentially constructive detail of human architecture had buckled, knocking the dream-palace and its princess and its splendor about her ears.

"Things *never* happen in real life," she observed plaintively; "only romances have plots where things work out. But we people in real life, we just go on and on in a badly-constructed, plotless sort of way, with no villains, no interesting situations, no climaxes, no ensemble. No, we grow old and irritable and meaner and meaner; we lose our good looks and digestions, and we die in hopeless discord with the unity required in a dollar-and-a-half novel by a master of modern fiction."

"But some among us amass fortunes," suggested Sylvia, laughing.

"But we don't live happy ever after. Nobody ever had enough money in real life."

"Some fall in love," observed Sylvia, musing.

"And they are not content, silly!"

"Why? Because nobody ever had enough love in real life," mocked Sylvia.

"You have said it, child. That is the malady of the world, and nobody knows it until some pretty ninny like you babbles the truth. And *that* is why we care for those immortals in romance, those fortunate lovers who, in fable, are given and give *enough* of love; those magic shapes in verse and tale whose hearts are satisfied when the mad author of their being inks his last period and goes to dinner."

Sylvia laughed a while, then, chin on wrist, sat musing there, muffled in her furs.

"As for love, I think I should be moderate in the asking, in the giving. A little—to flavor routine—would be sufficient for me, I fancy."

"You know so much about it," observed Mrs. Ferrall ironically.

"I am permitted to speculate, am I not?"

"Certainly. Only speculate in sound investments, dear."

"How can you make a sound investment in love? Isn't it always sheerest speculation?"

"Yes, that is why simple matrimony is usually a safer speculation than love."

"Yes, but—love isn't matrimony."

"Match that with its complementary platitude and you have the essence of modern fiction," observed Mrs. Ferrall. "Love is a subject talked to death, which explains the present shortage in the market, I suppose. You're not in love and you don't miss it. Why cultivate an artificial taste for it? If it ever comes naturally, you'll be astonished at your capacity for it, and the constant deterioration in quantity and quality of the visible supply. Goodness! my epigrams make me yawn—or is it age and the ill humor of the aged when the porridge spills over on the family cat?"

"I am the cat, I suppose?" asked Sylvia, laughing.

"Yes, you are—and you go tearing away, back up, fur on end, leaving me by the fire with no porridge and only the aroma of the singeing fur to comfort me. . . . Still there's one thing to comfort me."

"What?"

"Kitty-cats come back, dear."

"Oh, I suppose so. . . . Do you believe I could induce him to wear his hair any way except pompadour? . . . And, dear, his beard is so dreadfully silky. Isn't there anything he could take for it?"

"Only a razor, I'm afraid. Those long, thick, soft eyelashes of his are ominous. Eyes of that sort ruin a man for my taste. He might just as reasonably wear my hat."

"But he can't follow the fashions in eyes," laughed Sylvia. "Oh, this is atrocious of us—it is simply horrible to sit here and say such things! I am cold-blooded enough as it is—material enough, mean, covetous, contemptible——"

"Dear!" said Grace Ferrall mildly, "you are not choosing a husband; you are choosing a career. To criticise his investments might be bad taste; to be able to extract what amusement you can out of Howard is a direct mercy from Heaven. Otherwise you'd go mad, you know."

"Grace! *Do* you wish me to marry him?"

"What is the alternative, dear?"

"Why, nothing—self-respect, dowdiness, and peace."

"Is that all?"

"All I can see."

"*Not* Stephen Siward?"

"To marry? No. . . . Grace, I *have* had such a good time with him; you don't know! He *is* such a boy—sometimes; and I—I believe that I am rather good for him. . . . Not that I'd ever again let him do that sort of thing. . . . Besides, his curiosity is quenched; I *am* the sort he supposed. Now he's found out he will be nice. . . . It's been days since I've had a talk with him. He tried to, but I wouldn't. Besides, the Major has said nasty things about him when Howard was present; nothing definite, only hints, smiles, silences, innuendos; and I had nothing definite to refute. I could not even appear to understand or notice—it was all done in such a horridly vague way. But it only made me like him; and no doubt that actress he took to the Patroons is better company than he finds in nine places out of ten among his own sort."

"Oh," said Grace Ferrall slowly, "if that is the way you feel, I don't see why you shouldn't play with Mr. Siward whenever you like."

"Nor I. And I've been a perfect fool not to. . . . Howard hates him."

"How do you know?"

"What a question! A woman knows such things. Then you remember that caricature—so dreadfully like Howard? Howard has no sense of humor; he detests such things. It was the most dreadful thing that Mr. Siward could have done to him."

"Meddled again!" groaned Grace. "Doesn't Howard know that *I* did that?"

"Yes, but nothing I can say alters his conviction that the likeness was intended. You know it was a likeness! And if Mr. Siward had not told me that it was not intended I should never have believed it to be an accident."

After a prolonged silence Sylvia said, over-carelessly: "I don't quite understand Howard. With me anger lasts but a moment, and then I'm open to overtures for peace. . . . I think Howard's anger lasts."

"It does," said Grace. "He was a muff as a boy—a prig with a prig's memory under all his shallow, showy surface. I'm frank with you; I never could take my cousin either respectfully or seriously, but I've known him to take his own anger so seriously that years after he has visited it upon those who had really wronged him. And he is equipped for retaliation if he chooses. That fortune of his reaches far. . . . Not that I think him capable of using such a power to satisfy a mere personal dislike. Howard has principles, loads of them. But—the weapon is there."

"Is it true that Mr. Siward is interested in building electric roads?" asked Sylvia curiously.

"*I* don't know, child. Why?"

"Nothing. I wondered."

"Why?"

"Mr. Mortimer said so."

"Then I suppose he is. I'll ask Kemp if you like. Why? Isn't it all right to build them?"

"I suppose so. Howard is in it, somehow. In fact, Howard's company is behind Mr. Siward's, I believe."

Grace Ferrall turned and looked at the girl beside her, laughing outright.

"Oh, Howard doesn't do mysterious financial things to nice young men because they draw impudent pictures of him running after his dog—or for any other reason! That, dear, is one of those skillfully developed portions of an artistic plot; and plots exist only in romance. So do villains; and my cousin isn't one. Besides that, if Howard is in that thing, no doubt Kemp and I are, too. So your nice young man is in very safe company."

"You draw such silly inferences," said Sylvia coolly; but there was a good deal of color in her cheeks; and she knew it and pulled her big motor veil across her face, fastening it under her chin. All of which amused Grace Ferrall infinitely until the subtler significance of the girl's mental processes struck her, sobering her own thoughts. Sylvia, too, had grown serious in her preoccupation; and the *partie-a-deux* terminated a few minutes later in a duet of silence over the teacups in the gun-room.

A few moments later Sylvia, glancing over her shoulder, noticed that a fine misty drizzle had clouded the casements. That meant that her usual evening stroll on the cliffs with Quarrier, before dressing for dinner, was off. And she drew a little breath of unconscious relief as Marion Page walked in, her light woolen shooting-jacket, her hat, shoes, and the barrels of the fowling-piece tucked under her left armpit, all glimmering frostily with powdered rain-drops.

"With whom were you shooting?" asked Grace.

"Stephen Siward and Blinky. They're at it yet, but I had some letters to write." She glanced leisurely at Sylvia. "That dog you let Mr. Siward have is a good one. I'm taking him to Jersey next week for the cock-shooting."

Sylvia returned her calm gaze blankly.

An unreasonable and disagreeable shock had passed through her.

"My North Carolina pointers are useless for close work," observed Marion indifferently.

In ones and twos the guests reported as the dusk-curtained fog closed in on Shotover. Quarrier came, dry as a chip under his rain-coat; but his silky beard was wet with rain, and moisture powdered his long, soft eyelashes and white skin; and his flexible, pointed fingers, as he drew off his gloves, seemed startling in their whiteness through the gathering gloom.

"I suppose our evening walk is out of the question," he said, standing by Sylvia, who had nodded a greeting and then turned her head rather hastily to see who had entered the room.

It was Siward, only a vague shape in the gloom, but perfectly recognizable to her. At the same moment Marion Page rose leisurely and strolled toward the billiard-room.

"Our walk?" repeated Sylvia absently. "It's raining, you know." Yet only a day or two ago she had walked to church with Siward through the rain, the irritated Major feeling obliged to go with them. Her eyes followed Siward's figure, suddenly dark against the door of the lighted billiard-room.

Quarrier had been speaking for some time before Sylvia became aware of it—something about a brisk walk in the morning somewhere; and she nodded impatiently, watching Marion's supple waist-line as she bent far over the illuminated table for a complicated shot at the enemy.

His fiancée's inattention was not agreeable to Quarrier. A dozen things had happened since his arrival which had not been agreeable to him. These had left indelible impressions in a cold and rather heavy mind, slow to waste effort in the indulgence of any vital emotion.

In a few years indifference to Siward had changed to passive disapproval; that, again, to an emotionless dislike; and when the scandal at the Patroons Club occurred, for the first time in his life he understood what it was to fear the man he disliked. For if Siward had committed the insane imprudence which had cost him his title to membership, he had also done something, knowingly or otherwise, which awoke in Quarrier a cold, slow fear; and that fear was dormant, but present, now, and it, for the time being, dictated his attitude and bearing toward the man who might or might not be capable of using viciously a knowledge which Quarrier believed that he must possess.

A sudden rain-squall, noisy against the casements, had darkened the room; then the electric lights broke out with a mild, candle-like lustre, and Quarrier, standing beside Sylvia's chair, discovered it to be empty.

It was not until he had dressed for dinner that he saw her again, seated on the stairs with Marion Page—a new appearance of intimacy for both women, who heretofore had found nothing except a passing civility in common.

Marion was discussing dog-breeding with that cool, crude, direct insouciance so unpleasant to some men. Sylvia was attentive, curious, and instinctively shrinking by turns.

The conversation veered toward the Sagamore pup. Marion explained that Siward was too busy to do any Southern shooting, which was why he was glad to have her polish Sagamore on Jersey woodcock.

"I thought it was not good for a dog to be used by anybody except his master," said Sylvia carelessly.

"Only second-raters suffer. Besides, I have shot enough, now, with Mr. Siward to use his dog as he does."

"He *is* an agreeable shooting companion," smiled Sylvia.

"He is perfect," answered Marion coolly. "The only test for a thoroughbred is the field. He rings true."

They exchanged carefully impersonal views on Siward's good qualities for a moment or two; then Marion said bluntly: "Do you know anything in particular about that Patroons Club affair?"

"No," said Sylvia, "nothing in particular."

"Neither do I; and I don't care to; I mean, that I don't care what he did; and I wish that gossiping old Major would stop trying to hint it to me."

"My uncle!"

"Oh! I forgot. Beg your pardon, you know, but——"

"I'm not offended," observed Sylvia with a shrug of her pretty, bare shoulders.

Marion laughed. "Such a gadabout! Besides, I'm no prude, but he and Leroy Mortimer have no business to talk to unmarried women the way they do. No matter how worldly-wise we are, men have no right to suppose we are."

"Pooh!" shrugged Sylvia. "I have no patience to study out *double entendre*, so it never shocks me. Besides——"

She was going to add that she was not at all versed in doubtful worldly wisdom, but decided not to, as it might seem to imply disapproval of Marion's learning. So she went on: "Besides, what have innuendos to do with Mr. Siward?"

All through dinner an indefinitely unpleasant remembrance of the conversation lingered with Sylvia, and she sat silent for minutes at a time, returning to actualities with a long, curious side-glance across at Siward, and an uncomprehending smile of assent for whatever Quarrier or Major Belwether had been saying to her.

Cards she managed to avoid after dinner, and stood by Quarrier's chair for half an hour, absently watching the relentless method and steady adherence to rule which characterized his bridge-playing, the eager, unslaked brutality of Mortimer, the set face of his pretty wife, the chilled intensity of Miss Caithness.

And Grace Ferrall's phrase recurred to her, "Nobody ever has enough money!"—not even these people, whose only worry was to find investment for the surplus they were unable to spend. Something of the meanness of it all penetrated her. Were these the real visages of these people, whose faces otherwise seemed so smooth and human? Was Leila Mortimer aware of the shrillness of her voice? Did Agatha Caithness realize how pinched her mouth and nose had grown? Did even Leroy Mortimer dream how swollen the pouches under his eyes were; how red and puffy his hands, shuffling a new pack; how pendulous and dreadful his red under-lip when absorbedly making up his cards?

Instinctively she moved a step forward for a glimpse of Quarrier's face. The face appeared to be a study in blankness. His natural visage was emotionless and inexpressive

enough, but this face, from which every vestige of color had fled, fascinated her with its dead whiteness; and the hair brushed high, the long, black lashes, the silky beard, struck her as absolutely ghastly, as though they had been glued to a face of wax.

She turned on her heel, restless, depressed, inclined for companionship. The Page boys had tempted Rena and Eileen to the billiard-room; Voucher, Alderdene and Major Belwether were huddled over a table, immersed in Preference; Kathryn Tassel and Grace Ferrall sat together looking over the announcements of Sylvia's engagement in a batch of New York papers just arrived; Ferrall was writing at a desk, and Siward and Marion were occupied in the former's sketch for an ideal shooting vehicle, to be built on the buckboard principle. Marion's clean-cut blond head was close to his, her supple body twisted in her seat, one bare arm hanging over the back of the chair. Something in her attitude seemed to exclude intrusion; her voice, too, was hushed in comment, though his was pitched in his naturally agreeable key.

Sylvia had taken a hesitating step toward them, but halted, turning irresolutely; and suddenly over her crept a sensation of isolation—something of that feeling which had roused her at midnight from her bed and driven her to Grace Ferrall for a refuge from she knew not what.

The rustle of her silken dinner-gown was scarcely perceptible as she turned. Siward, moving his head slightly, glanced up, then brought his sketch to a brilliant finish.

"Don't you think something of this sort is practicable?" he asked pleasantly, including Mrs. Ferrall and Kathryn Tassel in a general appeal which brought them into the circle of two. Grace Ferrall leaned forward, looking over Marion's shoulder, and Siward rose and stepped back, with a quick glance into the hall—in time to catch a glimmer of pale blue and lace on the stairs.

"I suppose my cigarettes are in my room as usual," he said aloud to himself, wheeling so that he could not have time to notice Marion's quickly raised eyes, bright with suspicion and vexation. For she, too, had observed Sylvia's distant entrance, had been perfectly aware of Siward's cognizance of Sylvia's retreat; and when Siward went on sketching she had been content. Now she could not tell whether he had deliberately and skillfully taken his *congé* to follow Sylvia, or whether, in his quest for his cigarettes, chance might meddle, as usual. Even if he returned, she could not know with certainty how much of a part hazard had played on the landing above, where she already heard the distant sounds of Sylvia's voice mingled with Siward's, then a light footfall or two, and silence.

. . . . . .

He had greeted Sylvia in his usual careless, happy fashion just as she had reached her chamber-door; and she turned at the sound of his voice, confused, unsmiling, a little pale.

"Is it headache, or are you, too, in quest of cigarettes?" he asked, as he stopped in passing her where she stood, one slender hand on the knob of her door.

"*I* don't smoke, you know," she said, looking up at him with a cool little laugh. "It isn't headache, either. I was—boring myself, Mr. Siward."

"Is there any virtue in me as a remedy?"

"Oh, I have no doubt you have lots of virtues. Perhaps you might do as a temporary remedy—first aid to the injured." She laughed again uncertainly. "But you are on a quest."

"And you?"

"A rendezvous—with the Sand-Man. Good-night."

"Good-night, ... if you must say it."

"It's polite to say something. . . . isn't it?"

"It would be polite for you to say 'With pleasure, Mr. Siward!'"

"But you haven't invited me to do anything. Besides, you didn't expect to meet me up here?"

The trailing accent made it near enough a question for him to say: "Yes, I did."

"How could you?"

"I saw you leave the room."

"You were sketching for Marion Page. Do you wish me to believe that you noticed me and ——"

There was a Little Half-hearted Struggle, a Silence, a Breathless Moment

" —— and followed you? Yes, I did follow you."

She looked at him, then past him toward a corner of the wide hall where a maid in cap and apron sat pretending to be sewing. "Careful!" she motioned with smiling lips; "servants gossip. . . . Good-night again."

"Won't you ——"

"Oh, dear! you mustn't speak so loud," she motioned, with her fresh, sweet lips curving on the edge of that adorable smile once more.

"Couldn't we have a moment ——"

"No —"

"One minute ——"

"Hush! I must open my door"—lingering. "I might come out again, if you have anything particularly important to communicate to me."

"I have. There's a big bay-window at the end of the other corridor. Will you come?"

But she opened her door with a light laugh, saying "Good-night" again, and closed it noiselessly behind her.

He walked on, turning into his corridor, but kept straight ahead, passing his own door, on to the window at the end of the hall, then north along a wide passageway which terminated in a bay-window overlooking the roof of the indoor swimming-tank. The night threatened to be a bad one for him. A heavy fragrance from his neighbor's wine glass at dinner had stirred up what had for a time lain dormant; and, by accident, something—some sweetmeat he had tasted—was saturated in brandy.

He had his own devices for tiding him over such periods—reading, tobacco, and the long, blind, dogged tramps he took in town. But here, to-night, in the rain, one stood every chance of walking off the cliffs; and he was sick of reading himself sightless over the sort of books sent wholesale to Shotover; and he was already too ill at ease, physically, to make smoking endurable.

After a while he began to walk monotonously to and fro the length of the corridor, like a man timing his steps to the heavy ache of body or mind. Once he went as far as his own door, entered, and, stepping to the wash-basin, let the icy water run over hands and wrists. This sometimes helped to stimulate and soothe him; it did now.

By instinct and experience normally temperate, only what was abnormal and inherited might work a mischief in this man. His listlessness, his easy acquiescence, were but consequent upon the self-knowledge of self-control. But mastery of the master-vice required something different; he was sick of a sickness; and because, in this sickness, will, mind and body are tainted, too, reason and logic lack charity; and, to the signals of danger his reply had always been either over-confident or weak—and it had been always the same reply: "Not yet. There is time." And now, this last week, it had come upon him that the time was now; the skirmish was already on; and it had alarmed him suddenly to find that the skirmish was already a battle, and a rough one.

. . . . . .

As he stood there he heard voices on the stairs. People had already begun to retire. He could distinguish by their voices, by their laughter and step, the people who were mounting the stairway and lingering for gossip or passing through the various corridors to court the sleep denied him. Little by little the tumult died away. Quarrier's measured step came, passed; Marion Page's cool, crisp voice and walk, and the giggle and amble of the twins, and Rena and Eileen—the last laggards, with Ferrall's brisk, decisive tones and stride to close the procession.

He turned and looked grimly at his bed, then, shutting off the lights, he opened his door and went out into the deserted corridor, where the elevator shaft was dark and only the dim night-lights burned at angles in the passageways.

He had his rain-coat and cap with him, not being certain of what he might be driven to; but for the present he found the bay-window overlooking the swimming-tank sufficient to begin the vigil.

Secure from intrusion, as there were no bedrooms on that corridor, he tossed coat and cap into the window-seat,

(Continued on Page 69)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Candor is the part of courtship that comes after marriage.

¶ Half a loaf is better than nervous prostration from overwork.

¶ Imported manners never will take the place of domestic courtesies.

¶ No woman on her way to buy a new hat was ever known to commit suicide.

¶ There are statesmen who still believe that the mouth is mightier than the sword.

¶ Some men's ideas of push are wrapped up in a lawn-mower or a baby-carriage.

¶ While Secretary Root is keeping his poise, Secretary Taft is losing his avoirdupois.

¶ You can please a woman by asking her advice; and you can please yourself about taking it.

The Extra-Fare Gouge

RAILROAD companies have an ingenious method of pushing up their passenger rates without publicly calling attention to the increase. The first-class tariff, for example, between Chicago and New York is twenty dollars over any one of the three "standard" lines. Really nobody whose time or comfort is worth anything pays just twenty dollars for his ride between the two cities, for that tariff applies only to trains that take twenty-eight hours or more in transit, with antiquated equipment. The ordinary traveler feels it necessary to take one of the "limited" trains with decent accommodations, for which he pays from twenty-four to thirty dollars, according to the reduction in the number of hours consumed in the journey.

The extra-fare device for increasing passenger rates is used pretty generally throughout the continent of Europe—the English will not tolerate it—and is one of the commonest causes for complaint by American travelers, who submit to the same exaction at home without a murmur. The railroads have the right to charge for what they furnish the public. But when it comes to paying thirty dollars for an eighteen-hour journey between New York and Chicago in a comfortable car, it is natural to ask whether the railroad is giving all it should for twenty dollars—the nominal rate. In other words, the public would like to know what is the basis for passenger tariffs as well as for freight rates. Is twenty dollars for "first-class" transportation a thousand miles on slow, uncomfortable trains the minimum just rate?

Impersonal Business

A FEW days ago workmen broke ground, among the waste sand-dunes and scrub-oaks at the foot of Lake Michigan, for a new city in which 100,000 people may live and which will contain one of the greatest steel plants in the world. The city was conceived in the executive offices of the United States Steel Corporation, and it will be created entire, with harbor, docks, mills, railroads, dwellings, according to plans adopted before a spade was put into the ground. It is a fine exercise of autocratic will—the kind of thing great monarchs attempted, and sometimes succeeded at.

This particular expression of power is named Gary, in compliment to an able and very estimable gentleman, formerly a Western lawyer, now chairman of the corporation's executive committee. It is no disparagement to say that any one of a dozen or a score of names might have been selected with the same complimentary propriety.

This is suggestive of the latest phase of business, in which it is rapidly becoming quite impersonal. Half an hour's ride from Gary stands the town of Pullman, built a generation ago, also by an exercise of autocratic will—but it was the will of an individual: George M. Pullman. There was a Pullman's Palace Car Company; but nobody ever thought of it or heard of it. The sleeping-cars and the town expressed the man Pullman. He was the company. One used to hear of Cable of the Rock Island, Potter of the Burlington, and so on—men who personally "ran" railroads as no man runs a railroad nowadays. The very names of the presidents of some of the biggest railroads are hardly known outside the general offices. Members of the Vanderbilt family no longer control the so-called Vanderbilt lines. Policies are now fixed in Wall Street bank-parlors. The individual operating chief of the railroad or mill no longer, in the main, stands prominent.

There are, of course, some survivals; but they will probably disappear. If the big packers had carried out the consolidation plan which they and some Wall Street powers had in hand a few years ago, the name of Armour would by this time have begun to fade from public view. Possibly the day is not far distant when great businesses will be designated by numbers instead of by individual names.

Quoting the Copybook

SOME purely imponderable things impress tremendously by their sheer bulk. If, for example, you attempt to controvert some of our hollow and accepted maxims, you seem to feel ten million grave, ponderous old gentlemen and ladies sitting on your neck and staring down at you in solemn disapproval. Canned wisdom has all the immense advantage of an established trade-mark. It's like mother used to make. How can you question its superiority?

This gives a great advantage to those who find remembering easier than thinking; and whenever anybody in any cause proposes a change of any sort it supplies conservatism with a perfect Cheops to drop upon the upstart head. We suppose the little Egyptian, even before there was a first dynasty, found on the front page of his copybook, "It is easier to tear down than to build." Certainly every succeeding generation has found it there; and the imperishable persistence of the maxim furnishes its own refutation. If it were really easier to tear down than to build, somebody, in the course of the centuries, would have succeeded in tearing down that transparent falsehood. It is still intact, however; in splendidly serviceable condition; used on all occasions when progress seems imminent; found especially handy at this moment when many established things, proven faulty, are under attack.

Naturally, in most cases, it is easier to destroy a house than to build one. It is not easy to tear down an idea or a system of business or politics that has once been accepted, and which may have outlived its usefulness. On the contrary, the hardest work that the world has done of late—and some of the most useful—has been in that line. A great deal of building fairly does itself. You can almost count on your fingers the men who won any deservedly great individual credit in the rearing of our enormous industrial fabric—although, of course, to be polite you must let each captain of industry count his own thumb first, and sagely repeat: "It is easier to tear down than to build" while he is doing it. The Louisiana Lottery—to go far enough back to avoid any hard feelings—fairly grew up of itself; but it required a considerable and meritorious effort on the part of the Government to tear it down.

An Imperial City

NEW YORK is a unique fact in American civilization. It is not merely the biggest city in the country—a city that absorbs nearly three hundred thousand additional people each year besides its own product of births. It is fast becoming, if it is not already, the largest centre of shifting population in the world—the goal of immigrants, pleasure-seekers, fortune-hunters, and all restless, ambitious souls. The heart of New York is one glorified hotel, where humanity houses itself on the way to somewhere else. To provide for the circulation of this immense horde there have been undertaken vast engineering feats, and the rock foundation of the city is daily disappearing before the steam-drill. The face of New York changes more rapidly than that of any other city. Moreover, New York runs the most gigantic faro game that the world has ever seen. On the green tables of Wall Street larger sums of money change hands than in any of the great markets. And the spirit of Wall Street—the spirit of the great gamble of life—pervades New York as no other city in our country. New York does not manufacture: it has no great traffic in food products—it finances. Most of the real work of the country is done elsewhere, but New York underwrites it and directs it—and takes a good part of its product.

The result of it all is that the spirit of this metropolis is unlike the spirit of any other American city: it is more careless, indifferent, cynical; it is "business" first and then pleasure. New York contemplates with the same nonchalance a gigantic insurance swindle, a couple of trust-ridden Senators, a Tammany régime, or a two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar traction deal. It is all in the day's work. The impulse for reform, the ideals of the country, all originate elsewhere—in the country, in the Western cities. New York accepts them, too, and plays with them like all the rest. London is England: Paris is France. But there is New York and there is the United States, and they are not one. New York with its dilapidated pavements and dirty harbor front, with its mountainous hotels and cliffy office-buildings, with its daily stream of millions, its unutterable poverty and its gross display—is just New York.

A Young Man in a Hurry

OUT in Chicago a young man has become a Socialist. In Paris or Berlin that would not be noticed; but this young man is the son of a rich father, and in Chicago they don't distinguish between the Socialist and the bomb-throwing Anarchist. Both belong to the dangerous classes. This young Socialist—he confesses to only twenty-six summers—had the benefit of a college education at one of our best universities. Then he looked about for a job and decided to devote himself to the People. He went to the Legislature to complete his education. Then he became the Commissioner of Public Works in a municipal ownership administration, which in America is the next thing to Socialism. Here he began to see Life. He quickly learned that the rich citizen is actively engaged in buncoing his poorer neighbors, and it made him sad. When he tried to restrain this individualistic greed, the rich citizen had no trouble in getting around his guard. So the young man began to think some more, and the end of it all was that he quit and wrote a long letter to show that Socialism is the only way.

He had learned all that in a few months of trying to be a Commissioner of Public Works. What would he not have learned if he had held on for a year! Now he is teaching Socialism to the people, telling the operatives of the Steel Trust that they are entitled to the profits and undivided surplus of the Octopus.

It is pleasing to reflect that this earnest young man, who learned so much in so short a time, is the son of a rich man who made his money hollering for the other side. It might be edifying if more sons of the rich would repudiate their fathers and, endowed with the plunder of the past, teach us the new creed. Nevertheless, if the Chicago young man had put up with the world as it is a little longer and learned a little more about it he might have made a better Socialist. One can learn a good deal as Commissioner of Public Works, and incidentally one can do much good to one's neighbors. But the young man was in a hurry.

Peter and Paul Again

JOHN MITCHELL touched the quick when he accused the mine operators of concealing profits by paying high rates to the railroads, which in many instances own the mines. The operators contend that, in spite of higher prices for coal, they are not making money and can't increase wages. The times are bad for their trade. The public thought that a period of great prosperity and manufacturing activity like the present was a good period for the coal-trade. Judging from prices and the rise in stocks of the "coalers," somebody must be making a good thing out of coal. Who is it—if not the consumer and not the producer? Apparently the operators had been looking forward to a crisis for some time: they had been accumulating large stocks all over the country, which the consumer was to have the privilege of taking off their hands at famine prices. Prices had already begun to soar, and the public had begun to pay for the dispute between the operators and their men. It paid a large part of the bill after the anthracite strike: it generally does pay when capital and labor put on the gloves.

Are the operators juggling with the figures and paying their profits over to the railroads? We know that the chief coal roads west and east have been doing an immense business and presumably not at a loss. We also know that many of the roads are interested in mines directly, or indirectly through the fiction of a separate corporation under common ownership. Yet it would be hard to tell whether John Mitchell is right. It would take a commission with lots of power to determine what the relations are between the roads and the mines along their lines, and whether the rates on coal are excessive and fraudulent in intent. It is clear enough, however, that the railroads should keep out of the mining business, not only nominally but really, and that the Government must find a method for making them stick to their legitimate job of transportation.

THE LATEST MILLION ALIENS

By Broughton Brandenburg

President of the National Institute of Immigration

AFTER THEM—THE DELUGE

NO SIMILAR thing has befallen any other people in history. There has never been such a movement in humanity. We are considering as a commonplace event of a trifle more than usual interest the hegira of more than a million people in a twelvemonth over an average distance of one-sixth of the earth's circumference. If the people who have immigrated to the United States in the past year could be stood on the equator, they could pass the word "America" around the world without shouting. To the loyal, patriotic native-born American there should be alarm in the very numbers, for, no matter if they should be the best people on earth, *they are not our kind!*

It is time that a sufficient rebuke be administered to those theorizing publicists in our national life who, like the opponent of Walpole, have "sympathies broader than their comprehension" and ideals that do not fit the facts. Bringing the proposition down out of the clouds to plain, every-day earth, who will deny that we should be as careful of what human strains we import to breed with our own splendid race as is the good farmer of what animals he adds to his stock farm? I am one of those old-fashioned enough to believe that we have in America to-day the finest type of men and women in the world and that immigration from *any* race would be the addition of an inferior sort of blood.

Our native stock is bred from the hardier selections of the Teutonic and Celtic peoples. They were necessarily superior and hardy to venture into the New World and to survive under rigorous conditions. The survival of the fittest in the days of our greatest battles with Nature produced a people finer than the finest of their progenitors. Now, a grand change occurs. The great mass of the newcomers are Slavic, Iberic and Semitic, and instead of compelling them to go to the frontier, where there is such, and continue the war of the subjugation of the land, we are allowing them to glut the centres of the highest civilization. Instead of it being a strengthening, purifying contest of newcomer against Nature, it is a bitter, depleting, internecine conflict of the alien against the native-born. Repeatedly I have said that the undeveloped resources of our country are so great that we can take a million immigrants each year until our population is 250,000,000, but we cannot, without serious harm, accept the millions of the sort now arriving.

Let us see what brings these people, who they are, where they come from, where they settle, and what are the good and bad effects of their coming.

What They are After

POPULARLY the immigrant is supposed to come to the United States because it is a free country—there is no oppression and he desires a new home. This is foolishness. He comes here because he has heard that he can get from three to ten times as much for a day's work as he can at home. He comes here with little thought of a home, but with a fixed aim at a good job. If he acquires a home and remains to become a resident and a citizen, it is merely a consequence. For two years any able-bodied immigrant has been able to get $1.50 per day for ordinary labor as soon as he lands. If any ten immigrants aboard ship were presented with the choice of owning their own farms in ten years or $1.50 a day to begin with, nine out of the ten would take the day's work. Of course, there are exceptions. The Scandinavian immigrants seek the land; so do the Russian Mennonites and others. I refer to the mass.

Another misapprehension is that the immigrant makes his choice of destination after he arrives. Nine out of ten come destined to join some friend, relative or labor-contractor whose address they had before they left home, and they can be diverted elsewhere only with the greatest difficulty. This is particularly true of this year's immigration. It is hard to find an immigrant who does not know where he is going and who does not insist on going there with all possible speed.

In a word, the great attraction is high wages and the great directing influence the letter from a friend or neighbor who has prospered. The greatest stimulation is the combination of the letters and money sent home with the activity of the man in each continental village who gets a commission for shipping his neighbors by this or that line to the United States. The capital employed solely in sending immigrants to the United States is $90,000,000.

The Loss to American Labor

FAR more than any other country, the moneyed interests in the United States are industrial. The great fortunes are not the product of landed estates. The industries are, in a general sort of a way, located in the East. The handling of material and products have made the prosperity of the manufacturers and the transportation companies identical. The present unparalleled prosperity has created an enormous demand for labor. The causes that have doubled the cost of living in ten years need not be mentioned, but the fact is stated and accepted. Had there been no immigration to supply the labor, the two million American laborers now barely eking out a living in the rural districts of the East would have partially satisfied the demand, and the lack of full satisfaction would have raised the price of wages to its normal percentage above the cost of living.

Immigration in about one-third of the present volume and of a greatly different character would have met the demands of growth and development. Labor contractors for five great Western railroads have been advertising since January 1 for labor, offering $2.50 per day. The railroad fare, time consumed in transit to the West and return and the five months' average season of work prevent this figure being any attraction to the Eastern padrones who are supplying men for a dollar less per day. The development of the West must await an industrial depression in the East.

Since a lack of labor can make a sixty-six per cent. increase of wages in the West over the East, with living cheaper in the West, it is easy to figure out what the increase in wages to American workingmen in the East would have been if there had been no cheap immigration labor to satisfy the market, or at least only enough to fill the new jobs. I am the last to say that immigrants should be kept out when their labor is needed to develop the resources of the country, but I do not believe in the admission of such numbers that the native-born American workingman is prevented from sharing in the prosperity resulting from the resources which his labor and the labor of his forebears have developed.

Despite the alien contract-labor laws, there are thousands of cases which show just how the attraction of higher wages has been brought to bear upon European communities through the initiative of the American labor employers. At Fredonia, New York, there is a considerable canning and grape industry. Through a padrone, a working-force of Italians (who could be employed for half of what labor in the vicinity demanded) was secured and arrived in the town. Nearly all of them came from one little valley. In a few years, the entire population of that valley has come to Fredonia. At Anniston, Alabama, the proprietors of the mills determined to replace their negro labor with imported white labor and secured a batch. Through the first comers a steady stream has been induced, until at present Anniston is supplying other localities with cheap white labor.

Recently the owners of some large mills at Madison, Wisconsin, fell out with their Chicago padrone and inserted an advertisement in a foreign paper, offering work at $2.50 per day. In three weeks such quantities of immigrants arrived in New York destined for Madison, Wisconsin, that the immigration officials' attention was attracted to them. After several hundred had gone on, the remainder were held up and questioned. The facts were ascertained and so far one thousand have been deported as contract-laborers.

When it became apparent that there was going to be a strike in the anthracite mines, tens of thousands of foreigners who had been imported to dig coal last year and the year before got together their belongings and came to New York to await the outcome, intending to return to Europe if the strike was prolonged and there was much violence. At the same time, the padrones who furnish the mines with labor were starting toward the United States other tens of thousands of the countrymen of these same foreigners with the intention of putting them in the places of the striking miners. They were arriving as the first contingent were leaving.

When Coming and Going Meet

AT MAUCH CHUNK one morning in the middle of April a strange, pathetic scene happened. Two trains stopped side by side. One was bound away from the mines, the other toward them. In one were alien miners fleeing. In the other were alien miners going into trouble blindly. Brothers met brothers, sons met fathers, and neighbors the men of their own village. It would have been a sorry day for the padrones if they had been on the spot. As matters have turned out, and the strike is over, the only harm done is that there have been many thousands of aliens dumped into the mining regions for whom there can now be no employment.

Summing up the causes of the present enormous immigration, we find the greatest factor to be the magnet of high wages, the second the artificial stimulation of the employers and the transportation companies, and third, there should be mentioned the hurry to get into the country before Congress passes further restrictive measures. This fear is nearly groundless, but it swelled the tide two years ago very greatly. Calculating on a protracted and more or less bloody mining strike and the effect of the accomplishment of much of the season's labor during the open winter, I had felt certain that for the year 1906 the immigration would fall below 1905, but, in the fiscal year, Ellis Island alone will pass the million mark, and the other immigrant stations are nearly certain to supply two hundred thousand; so that, unless there is some unusual upheaval in the country or severe restrictive measures are passed at this session of Congress, the calendar year will greatly exceed the preceding one in immigration volume.

As to the character and general make-up of this, the greatest flood that has yet reached us, one might write endlessly, for the variety is beyond comprehension. On the whole, the new immigrants are stronger physically, more prosperous, more intelligent and have better addresses. This on the face of it is encouraging. A little investigation shows that the hope that immigration is improving of its own accord is groundless. The pressure of public opinion in the United States, the enforcement of the law inflicting a fine of one hundred dollars for every contagiously diseased case brought over, and other factors, have forced the steamship companies to be careful of the passengers they accept. For instance, last month, the North German Lloyd Line, according to a statement made personally by Director-General Von Piils, refused passage to

6020 would-be immigrants at the port of embarkation, and fully twice that many failed to buy tickets from the inland subagents.

In addition to this, the extreme prosperity of the Austro-Hungarian and the Italian immigrants in the past three years has resulted in the return to those countries of about $500,000,000 in wages saved. Hundreds of villages that have for centuries been on the verge of bankruptcy, if not having long since toppled over, are thriving and prosperous solely on the savings of laborers in the United States. The relatives of these men now come better outfitted than did the first adventurers, and it is the money sent home that has decked them out.

Another contributory feature is that a new layer of population has been induced to emigrate in many regions. It is hard for an American who does not understand the social structure of a central or southern European village to know just what is meant by this, so I will explain in brief. It is difficult to get the first company of emigrants to leave a community. When it does migrate, it is certain to be composed of the strongest, least encumbered and most venturesome of the men. They are usually the wild roisterers of the town. They encourage their fathers, brothers and cousins to join them in America, and, about the second year, the women, who have remained at home, are brought over with a part of the children. The abject servility of the women, to whom the husband's dictum is infallible, could not be understood by an American woman. In a few years all of the hard-working people of the village who are young enough, and are not hampered in some way, have emigrated.

There are thousands of towns in Italy and Hungary where there are not twenty able-bodied men. In a village near Salerno last year when the mayor died they had to send abroad for pall-bearers. In the midway stage to this extensive depletion there occur social layers, first of young men whose fathers have a little property, next of small tradesmen, or those who have some petty official positions or are employed as overseers on some of the great estates, or are in some way slightly above the peasant class though of peasant stock. As a rule, they are not anxious to take to a pick and shovel to make their way in America, which seems to be the most successful route for the immigrant. When hundreds of thousands of men who were expected to return home before last Christmas sent word that they would have work for the greater part of the winter and wanted the families to come over this spring, the pressure on these other layers became too great, and so to-day many thousands of these apparently superior persons are these men and their families who fondly believe that, if the ignorant, low peasants of the village can make fortunes in a few months and send for their families, then certainly they, the peasants' superiors, can become rich in a short time. They are nuisances in the steerage, an annoyance to the immigration officials, and they usually have a very severe first year till they learn that wages mean work and that the demand for schoolteachers, telegraph operators, railroad men, policemen, clerks and bookkeepers who cannot speak English is very small indeed.

The centre of population emigratory to the United States is curiously moving in a southeasterly direction across Europe. For a long time it was stationary in England while Germany and Ireland were pouring their floods into old Castle Garden. Then it leaped to Germany and has been marching south and east year by year until at present it is in Moravia about Brunn. The emigration from Italy is certain to fall off unless there are Socialistic disturbances which prevent the reflex beneficial action of emigration being fully felt. Great Britain and Ireland are again sending large numbers of immigrants. The cause of this is the Dingley tariff bill and the American cotton crops, coupled with the activities of agents for domestic servants. Germany's emigration is increasing. The high wages in the United States and the advertising of American land and colonization companies which desire German settlers above all others have the effect of stirring German migration. This is bad for Germany at present, as last year she was compelled to import 400,000 Bohemians, Moravians, Scandinavians, Letts and Galicians to harvest her crops.

The great outpouring that will be unparalleled for size and for complexity of blood and crudity of social development is coming in the next ten years, unless restriction of the utmost rigor is secured, from the Cup of Europe. This imaginary vessel is formed by the Carpathian, Balkan and Pindus Mountains, the Transylvanian and Dinaric Alps and the Great Glockner. It includes northern Turkey, eastern Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Moldavia, Wallachia, Bosnia, Croatia and Slavonia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Istria, Carinola, Styria, Moravia, Hungary, Bukowina. The remnants of over forty decayed nationalities form the impoverished, uneducated, even semi-civilized population of that region. In some localities the highest type of European life is to be found. In others one can step from the present into the middle ages by crossing a hill. For the past four years small parties have been coming out of the valleys, and now they are just beginning to draw after them the great mass of the population. When the movement reaches its full height the greatest outpouring of southern Italy will pale in comparison.

A more heterogeneous mass is difficult to imagine. As I have said, they form the most indicative factor in this year's immigration. The tens of thousands landing to-day are harbingers of millions to follow.

SPENCER HEATER

On the *first* Spencer Steam or Hot Water Heater sold in any locality we allow

15 to 20% Discount

—and the buyer *also* saves ⅓ to ½ in fuel.

He agrees to let others inspect his plant—hence the discount.

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The Spencer burns pea, buckwheat or rice coal ($1.00 to $2.00 per ton cheaper)—has Magazine Feed, ordinarily requiring attention only once a day. *Automatic* Regulation keeps pressure uniform. Combination Water Tube and Return Tubular Boiler ensures quick steaming.

Write to-day for our book, (giving your dealer's name.)

SPENCER HEATER CO.
200 Commonwealth Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

THE RICH MAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

(Concluded from Page 4)

counter to what the rich man wants, are made hard to pass, and bad laws, which the rich man may think helpful to his investments, made hard to defeat.

So the first reason why the man who, *for no other reason than his wealth*, gets into public life, is that he cannot help looking after his own interests instead of the people's interests.

Now for the second reason why the merely rich are worse than failures in public life. Whenever a rich man "lays his pipes" for high public station, the very first thing we hear his friends say is: "Well, So-and-So has made a great success in business; he is rich now and getting along in years. He wants this honor to '*round out his career.*'" And, strange to say, this argument "goes," as the talk of the street puts it. Our American habit is to consider high office as a high public honor instead of a great public burden.

It is a part of our common speech to call the United States Senate the American House of Lords. So these men want Senatorships as "the crowning honor of their lives." But think of the essential immorality of this conception of public office. What right has any man to give the best energies of his life to building up a private fortune and then give the final driblets of his forces and the failing heartbeats of his powers to the Nation? The affairs of the American people are infinitely more important than the private affairs of any man or of any corporation. No private business, no corporation would employ a man who had spent most of his life with his private affairs, in order that he might "round out his career" as the indolent head of that business or corporation.

Why should the same thing not be true of the United States Government? Why should not Senate and Congress and President and Cabinet be made up of men who, from comparative youth to ripened age, gave, first, their freshest energies and, second, their rich experience to the service of the American people? What right has any man got to "round out his career" in Congress, or in the Senate, or the Cabinet, or in the Diplomatic Service? "Round out his career!" This Government was not established to "round out the career" of anybody.

Service to the people, devoted and exclusive service *to the people*, is the only ideal permissible in a Republic. We have not yet reached that ideal, but in time we will approach it. Indeed our best public men realize it now in their own official activities. Senator Platt, of Connecticut, perhaps the most resourceful intellect in American legislative life during the last quarter of a century, absolutely declined to have any business whatever *except the business of being a Senator*. And he was a man of very slender income in addition to his ridiculously small salary. But he preferred to live modestly and serve the people than to live sumptuously and serve himself

"When I came to Washington," said Senator Hoar one day at a luncheon, "I had about a hundred thousand dollars which I had made in my profession. I have been in public life almost thirty years; and next year will see nearly the last of that hundred thousand dollars."

Senator Hoar also refrained from all active business but the people's business. Like Senator Platt, the great Massachusetts Senator also lived almost humbly.

"I take no retainer, no fee," said Senator Knox while he was Attorney-General. "I consider that all my time, energy and ability belong to the people."

So we perceive that already the ideal that service of the people and nothing but that should be the sole business of a public man is moving upon the conscience and perceptions of the ablest and best of our public men. After a while the people themselves will come to that view. When they do the people will perform two miracles: first, they will give their Senators and Representatives a large enough salary to live upon; and second, they will quit commissioning men to serve the people's interests whose time, abilities and energy are largely taken in serving their own interests.

For, mark you, the man who is in office by virtue of his wealth and that alone, and who has not inherited that wealth, but made it himself, has so many business affairs on hand that he cannot give his best thought and freshest energy to the business of the Nation. His own business enterprises are so large, so numerous that he *must* give them his first attention. And when he has done his own work well there is little energy or time left for him to do the people's work well No matter how conscientious he may be or how earnestly he may desire to do his patriotic duty, such a man cannot find time carefully to study and thoroughly to master any one of the serious national problems which it is his business as one of the Nation's legislators to help to solve. And so it is that the rich man who wishes to "round out his career" by public office cheats the people and *cheats himself*.

"I have no business here," said one of the worthiest and ablest capitalists now in public life. "I am too old," he went on—"it is difficult, almost impossible to get the run of things. I find it out of the question to go to the bottom of any important matter. I must rely entirely upon the opinions of others.

"No!" he continued, "I have no business in public life. I have learned that public life has come to be a profession. A State ought to pick out young men of character and ability who have no interests but the people's interests, send them to Washington and keep them there. The men who run things in Washington are old men," continued he, "but they are no older or abler than I. Yet they dominate *because their States have kept them here for a generation; and they have learned the science of legislation.*

"No," continued this profoundly honest observer of public conditions and public life—"No," continued he, "I have no business here *where I am useless.*"

This man had seen from his point of view what Senator Platt, of Connecticut, and Senator Hoar and Attorney-General Knox and Theodore Roosevelt and men of that quality saw from their point of view. These men devoted their time and energy utterly and exclusively to the service of the people But the rich and venerable man, honest and sound and true of heart, who had been deluded to "rounding out his career" in high public office, found that he could not devote himself exclusively to the service of the people because he did not know how, because he was too old to learn, and because his own private business was so important that it left him no strength for the business of the Nation.

Public office for public service, and not for private advantage; public office for public benefit, and not for private honors—this is the principle which should govern the people when electing their servants and govern those servants when they are elected.

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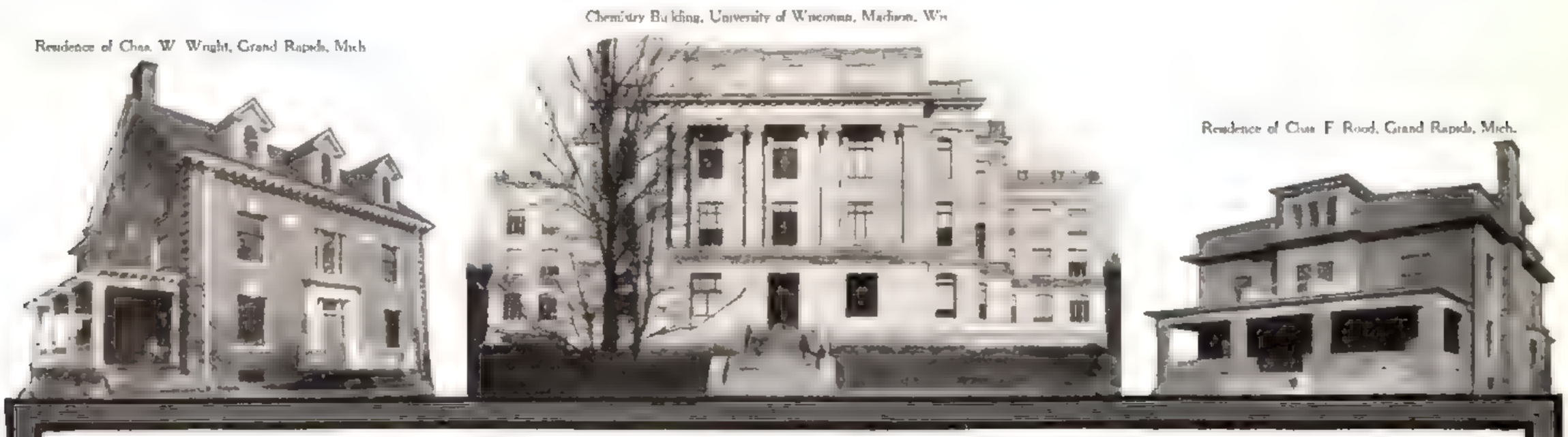
Residence of Chas. W. Wright, Grand Rapids, Mich
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Sackett Plaster Board Instead of Lath

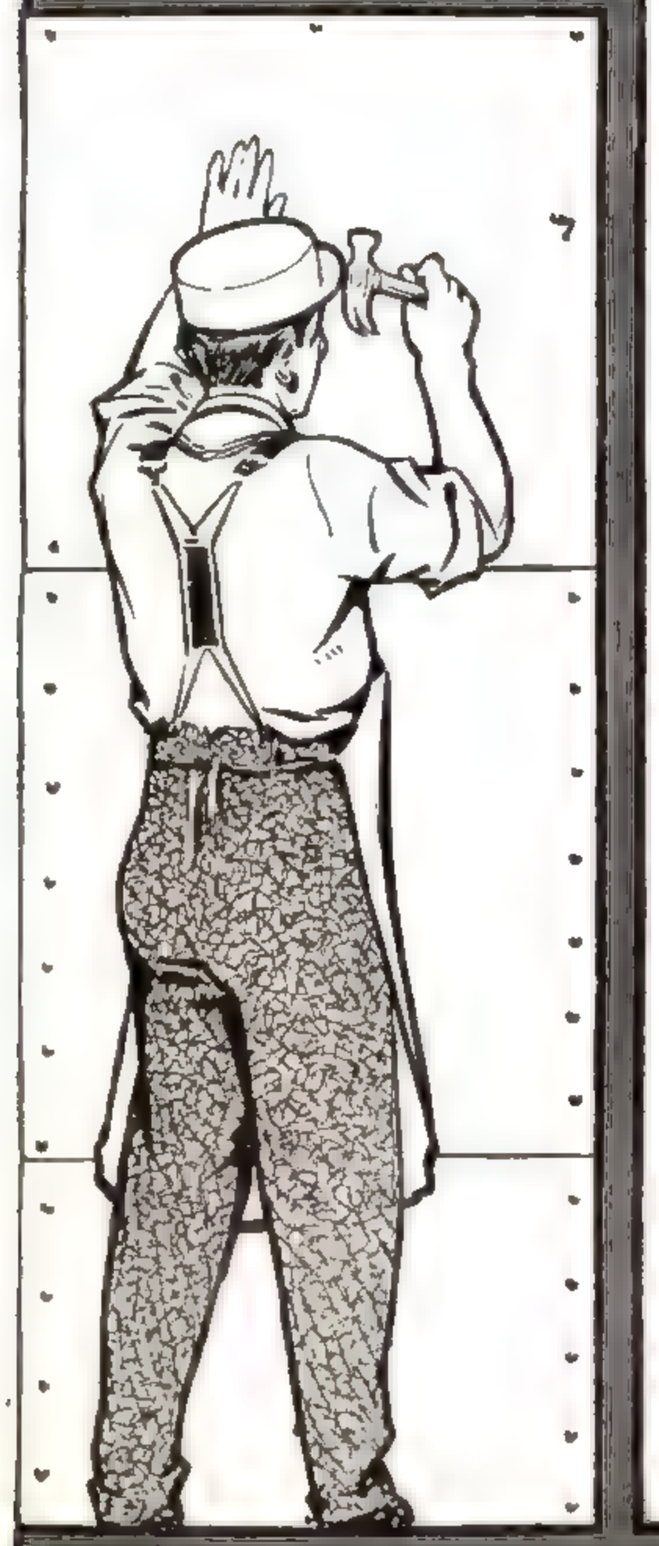
Sackett Plaster Board is a building material that should command the attention of every man who is interested in **good** building construction. It is displacing wood and metal lath in edifices of every type, and has earned the unqualified commendation of architects and builders everywhere. Every architect owes it to his clients, every owner owes it to himself, to investigate this material before making old-style specifications.

Sackett Plaster Board has succeeded, and is succeeding, because it is something more than a mere base to hang plaster on—it offers advantages and gives results that are not obtainable in any other way. It makes a warmer wall than wood lath, is cheaper than metal, and resists fire far better than either.

Sackett Plaster Board consists of alternate layers of felt and stucco rolled into sheets which are nailed to the studding, presenting a hard, smooth surface to which the plaster adheres perfectly. The board being non-inflammable, the result is a wall or partition that the underwriters will pass as "slowburning" construction, that retains heat, excludes cold, and that is an effective sound-deadener.

These and other advantages have kept the demand exceeding the supply for several years past, and the board has never before been advertised. Two new factories have recently been erected, however, and **Sackett Plaster Board** is now on sale in building material yards throughout the country. Address of nearest dealer furnished on application.

The New Way



Sackett Plaster Board

is not merely a substitute for lath. It can be used to good advantage **somewhere** in every building that is put up.

Sackett Plaster Board is an excellent fire retardant and sound deadener, and can be used between floors to excellent advantage. It has also been used a great deal for sheathing, and those who have tried it are enthusiastic over the results. Tar paper used in ordinary sheathing usually cracks when the heat is turned on. Sackett Plaster Board gives a warm, tight wall, and costs 25 to 40 per cent. less than lumber and paper.

When used in interior work the plaster is put on with half the usual amount of water, which not only saves time (often an important consideration) through quicker drying, but reduces the warping and shrinking of timbers and trim. The finished wall is hard and firm, can be depended upon not to warp or crack, and the ceilings are not subject to the streaks caused by porosity of the "clinches" as in ordinary lathing.

In warehouses and commercial plants the fireproof and insulating properties of Sackett Plaster Board can be utilized in many ways—between floors, as a covering for exposed metal surfaces, and as a non-conductor in the casings of kilns and refrigerating plants.

The State Insane Asylum at Binghamton, The Marlboro Hotel at Asbury Park, The Savoy Theatre, New York, The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, are types of buildings in which it has been used successfully and economically.

Results considered, Sackett Plaster Board is the cheapest building material ever made. And its first cost, in many cases, is no more than is paid for antiquated, inflammable and unsatisfactory lathing.

This advertisement, necessarily, gives but a suggestion concerning Sackett Plaster Board, printed in the hope that it will interest those who contemplate building. If you are interested, and would like to know *all* about it, without obligation, drop a line today to

Grand Rapids Plaster Company
Western Sales Agents
Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Old Way

Remove the Face Plate

of any sewing machine and compare the working parts with those of the **Volo** as shown in the accompanying illustration. Make the same rigid comparison at every other point. Then you will appreciate what we mean when we say the **Volo** is the simplest, the most strongly constructed, the most *efficient* sewing machine ever built. It embodies improvements that make it a real necessity to any woman who wants to do fine, fast, *easy* sewing. In the

Volo

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80 per cent of friction is saved by a unique system ... performs any class of ... almost ... $40

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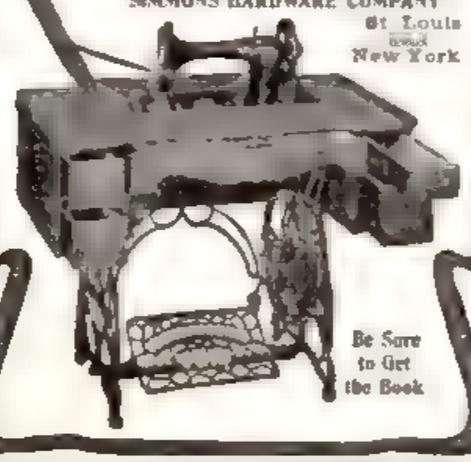

Be Sure to Get the Book

KELLY'S LIMIT

(Concluded from Page 10)

But they had to go around and stick a knife into me. When I see his Honor to-morrow I'll find out about this."

The next morning Kelly got up a little bit earlier than usual. On his way through the big corridor to the Mayor's office, he met the Water Commissioner and immediately asked him who was backing the Sixth Ward Improvement Association. The Water Commissioner refused to say. He remarked simply that the Improvement Association was doing a great deal of public-spirited work and that the free water was a reward for its benevolent activity.

His Honor took the same tack. "They're doing a great deal for the ward," he said. "We have to do something for them to keep them interested."

"Who is their friend?" said Kelly.

"I don't know," said the Mayor. "They just wrote me a letter."

Kelly opened his mouth and looked at the Mayor with a glare of incredulity. Then his shoulders sank weakly and he turned without a word and made slowly for the door.

An hour afterward, as he walked up the steps of his house, there was a boy waiting for him on the porch with a dog. The dog was limping and the boy was crying.

"What's the matter?" said Kelly, rumpling the boy's hair with his big hand.

"Automobile," said the boy, looking down the street. "The man threw me a dollar and told me to get a doctor to fix the dog's leg up. But I thought I'd come to you first."

"That's right," said Kelly.

Half an hour later the dog's leg was wrapped up in a long roll of cloth and Kelly and the boy were sitting on the steps examining him carefully to see if there were any other parts of him that had been injured.

"I told you the man gave me a dollar," said the boy finally, taking a bill out of his pocket and laying it down in front of Kelly.

"Keep your money, kid," said Kelly. "I'm not very strong now, but I guess I can look out for the dogs and the kids." Then, after a pause, he added: "They're the only constits I've got left."

Just then an automobile stopped in front of the house.

"That's him that ran over the dog," said the boy.

A man jumped out of the machine.

"Oh, there's the dog I ran over!" he said. "Hope he's getting better. If you need any more money come around and see me. Sorry I can't stop now. I've got a lot of things to do. It's you I want to see, Mr. Kelly. You know those new sprinkling wagons we've put on for the Improvement Association? Well, we understand that you haven't been working for some time and that you would like something to do. So if you will take a job driving one of those wagons we'll pay you good wages. Three dollars a day. Can you do it?"

Kelly rose somewhat unsteadily.

"Before I'd take a job from you," he said, "I'd go to digging in a ditch."

He said nothing more for a minute, while his blazing eye and quivering lip held the President of the Improvement Association equally speechless.

"Every man's got his limit," said Kelly. "This is mine."

The President of the Improvement Association was puzzled and uncomfortable. He edged away a little bit. "You mean," he stammered, "You mean that you don't want the job?"

"You leave me alone!" said Kelly thickly. "I've got this here dog to tie up." He turned to the dog and began to work on him. The President of the Improvement Association stood silent and irresolute. Kelly continued to work on the dog. The President of the Improvement Association mumbled a few words of bewildered apology and walked back to his automobile.

Mrs. Kelly came out from the house.

"Did you turn him down, Mike?" she said.

"I did, Mary," said Kelly. "It was my limit. Here's your dog, kid. Run along. I'll fix you up to be a policeman some day. . . . No, I won't, either. Oh, Mary, they're all against me now!"

"Come on inside, Mike," said Mrs. Kelly.

So they went inside together and sat down together in the little front parlor, and together they watched the men going into Larry's saloon.

Bausch & Lomb-Zeiss TESSAR

Pictures

Lake

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The Lens of the Camera

is the most important feature. This year Kodaks, Premos, Hawkeyes, Cyclones and other cameras can be had fitted with the Tessar Lens. It is to it we owe all kinds of pictures under all kinds of conditions. This lens requires only about half the light required by lenses usually furnished on cameras. It is therefore possible to use it for home portraiture, photographing the babies, as well as the most rapid outdoor pictures, with equally good results. No other lens has so wide a range of usefulness and is at the same time so compact and perfect optically.

Specify TESSAR when ordering your camera.

Send for Booklet "Aids to Artistic Aims."

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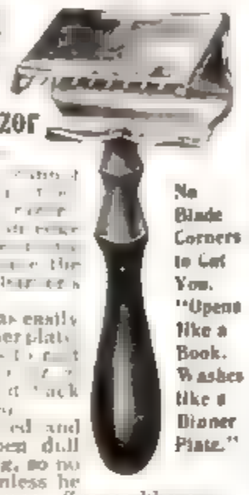
The Best Safety Razor



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The United States Express Co.
Foreign Exchange Department
Now Issues

Travelers Checks and Letters of Credit

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Write to any Agent of the Company for Pamphlet giving full Particulars

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SAVE THE WAGON

Increase the Capacity

Insure your springs against the expense of breakdowns and add from 1200 to 5000 lbs. to the carrying capacity of your wagon by using the

VICTOR STEEL SPRING BUFFER

For either platform or elliptic springs
For all kinds of vehicles
Absolutely ... no rust
Slips on and holds tight. No bolts or straps

MADE IN FOUR SIZES	Carrying Capacity Each	Price per Pair
No. 0, for 1¼ in. Spring and under,	400 lbs	$2 00
No. 1, for 1½ in. to 1¾ in. Spring,	750 lbs	2 50
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In every way a practical typewriter for the ... Sent express prepaid on receipt of $7.50 ... or the instrument ... for $1 ... and $5 ... thereafter.

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Don't Suffer in Hot Weather
from tight-fitting underwear
WEAR LOOSE FITTING
B.V.D.
Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office
Coat Cut Undershirts *and* Knee Length Drawers
Made of light, durable nainsook
AND BE COOL AND COMFORTABLE
Retail price 50 cents a garment. $1.00 a suit.
The B.V.D. red woven label which is sewed on every garment of B.V.D. manufacture is a guarantee of correctness and fit. Accept no substitution. Write for descriptive Book "C" for the asking.
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You want to know of a much easier suspender than the kind you are wearing, if yours are not **President Suspenders.** Presidents are easier, more comfortable, and more serviceable than any other kind—which is easily explained: The movable back slides freely and smoothly, whether you bend, lift, or reach. There's no shoulder pressure, no strain anywhere, and the trousers stay smooth.

Light and medium weight, 50c. & $1, everywhere. If your dealer has none, buy of us. If you don't like them, we will return your money. They're the strongest easy suspenders made. Ball Bearing Garters and President Suspenders in combination box, 75c

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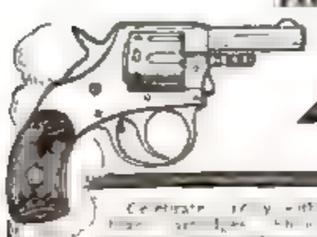
THE GLORIOUS 4th



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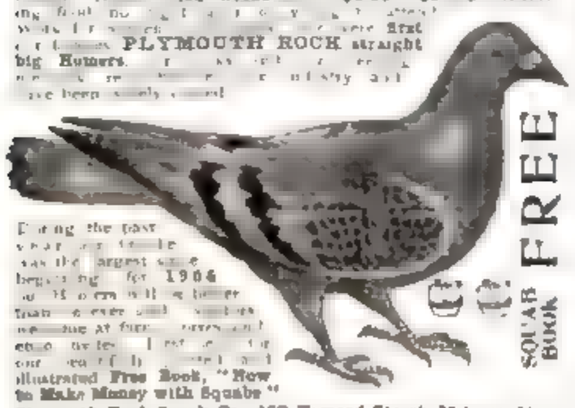

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We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if not satisfied after using the cycle 10 days.

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$5.00 a bottle with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers in every kind of case. Permanently Cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low) Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Send or Express paid. Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N. Y.

THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL

(Concluded from Page 9)

and shelving built to order will understand—but the incident shows anew how on every hand lie possibilities.

But one does not always meet with moderate estimates of value, even in little-visited neighborhoods.

No matter how far one may travel on excursions into the country, it is difficult to find a district where the professional dealer has not been. The trail of the dealer is over almost all. He finds his profit in the lonely farmhouse. Nowhere else can he obtain the real things so cheaply. And even if dishonest in the matter of being willing to sell imitations, he none the less finds his profit here, for he can pick up fine old pieces for far less than he could have them manufactured. But the dealer, with all his persistent cleverness and his experience, misses many a treasure. He is often unable to impress the people that they should sell to him. Family pride is apt to assert itself, even though there may be no real desire to retain the desired piece. To sell to a lover of the old, to one who really admires the pieces for their own sake, has in it no sting. But to sell for mere money, and very little of it at that, is another matter.

But, on the other hand, there are many folk who have no dislike of selling to dealers, who, indeed, are more ready to sell more cheaply to them; for, so it appears, the dealer must be at the expense of handling and repairing before he can sell again! A sort of topsyturvydom of logic, but none the less frequently met with.

These itinerant dealers, who do so much to make hard the way of the amateur collector by seizing upon things before his appearance, are of two kinds: the junk dealers, who frankly buy as scrap and who are fatal to many a candlestick and many a pair of andirons; and the furniture men, who buy as furniture, and who are fatal, from the collector's viewpoint, to many a rare old specimen.

Sometimes, but not often, an opportunity to acquire a good bit remains curiously open, in spite of the indefatigable collectors and dealers.

In an empty, deserted, ruined house, and put away behind a door, in a cellar, and forgotten, we once came upon a pair of good iron hand-wrought andirons. There was some reason why, that day, it was not convenient to carry the big pieces of iron with us, and so we drove regretfully on.

But, a year later, we were driving once more down the charming road, a river on one side and a rocky hill on the other, and once more we came to the old, deserted house, which was just a little more ruinous, just a little more falling to pieces, than it had been when we first discovered it.

Naturally, the thought of the andirons once more came. And so, into the empty house (the door had long since disappeared), across the quavering floor, down the trembling stair—and there, tucked away, just as they had been found and left twelve months before, were the andirons!

The owner, in a house not far away, was found, and gladly took a silver quarter in exchange for the rusty firedogs whose existence had been so completely forgotten.

Always one is upon the verge of the unanticipated, the unlooked-for; except, indeed, that the unexpected happens so often to the enthusiast as thereby to lose much of its unexpectedness.

We were driving along a road of alluring beauty, between Tyringham and Great Barrington, amid the tender glory of the sweeping hills, and we stopped at an empty cottage whose door stood invitingly open. This cottage had been examined but a short time before, so we learned, by former President Cleveland, with the view of possibly making it the summer home for himself and his family, so commanding was its location on the hillside, with a superb view stretching away for miles.

From the side door the path led between lilac bushes and tansy to a little barn and a littler tool-shed. The barn, like the house, was entirely empty, and so was the shed.

Against the wall of the shed was a cupboard made for holding glue and nails and workshop odds and ends.

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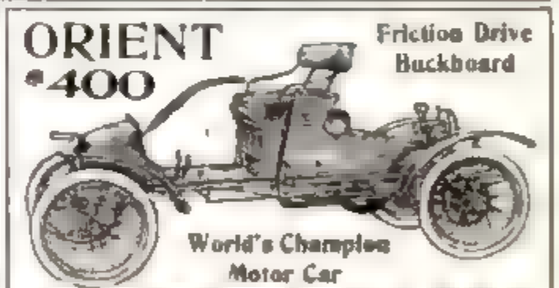

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THE LURE O' THE WHEREWITHAL

(Continued from Page 7)

the thought of Emily—and the kids. It was Ougheltree, a married man, ambitious for his family, for his wife, who was facing them. He knew how, too. He had well rehearsed the part he had to play.

There was just one lightning flash of suspicion that darted from his eyes toward Tolliver. Then he retreated to his desk.

"Mr. Moore," he went on, "I have nothing further to say."

It was well done. It was convincing. Moore was puzzled, but he understood at least that Ougheltree was not the man to betray Tolliver. Involuntarily, half suspiciously, Moore turned again to Tolliver.

"But, Billy," he exclaimed, anxious to get Tolliver once more on record, "you said you gave it to him."

And then Tolliver, too, froze. He would not speak. He could not speak. For gratitude had set a seal upon his lips. It mattered not to him that Ougheltree was playing this for all it was worth. Ougheltree, the man who had saved him, was in a hole; a terrible hole. It was not for him, Tolliver, to dig the pit deeper. Moore looked helplessly about him. Ougheltree sat at his desk, looking unconcernedly down upon them. Tolliver, on his part, flushed and stammered, and turned red.

"There must be some mistake, sir." That was all that he would say. Moore whistled. One of these men must be a liar and a thief. It couldn't be Ougheltree. It couldn't be Tolliver. And yet, hang it, it was serious

"Look here, boys," he said finally, "there's a mix-up somewhere. I'll get Trelawney up here in the morning." He stopped. "Will you both be here tomorrow?"

They passed their word of honor that they would. They meant it. Tolliver would be there, of course. And as for Ougheltree, he had a game to play—a game that involved the locked-up record of one William Tolliver—and he would play it to the end.

Tolliver followed him out. "Ougheltree," he said quietly, "I want you to come up to my house." Ougheltree sheered off. "I want you to," persisted Tolliver.

"Got to go home," mumbled the cashier.

"You can telephone home from my place," returned Tolliver.

Ougheltree went, blindly. He went only because the moral force of Tolliver at that juncture was stronger than his will.

After supper, Tolliver pushed him into the little den, and pushed him into a seat. Then, without a word, Tolliver sat down at his desk, and drew out a thin, narrow book, opened it, wrote in it; tore out a thin, narrow leaf, and passed it over.

"W-what?" gasped Ougheltree.

It was a check for ten thousand three hundred and fifty dollars.

"I can't take it!" cried Ougheltree, hiding his face in his hands.

"You've got to take it," returned Tolliver. "It takes my pile, but you've got to take it. I'd never have had it—I'd never have been here if it hadn't been for you. . . . Don't be an old fool! Brace up. . . . Now, tell me all about it."

"It—it was a tip . . . from Willoughby G. Schenck," wailed Ougheltree.

"To sell?"

"No—to buy."

"Oh," groaned Billy Tolliver. "Who'd he give it to?"

"I don't know. I saw the man, but didn't know him. I overheard it. That's all."

Tolliver nodded. "You know all the Wall Street men," he said, "and you didn't know this man. He was one of the outsiders then, and Schenck was filling him up. The tip to the insiders was to sell. Schenck was selling. The tip to the outsiders was to buy."

"I was an outsider," whimpered Ougheltree.

"Ougheltree," said Tolliver, "take that check, get it cashed, stuff the bills into the safe, and pull 'em out when Trelawney comes in. That'll end it. Say nothing about me."

Ougheltree mumbled his thanks over and over again as he left the house. Next morning he was at the office when Tolliver reached there. Moore was in his private room. Trelawney was due at eleven.

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"Get that check cashed?" queried Tolliver in a whisper.

Ougheltree shook his head. He rose and took Tolliver by the arm. "You come with me," he said. He pulled him into the private room of Moore. Then he strode up in front of Moore's desk, and laid down the check.

"I'll tell you the whole story," he said to Moore. He did it. "I'll wait till you send for an officer," he concluded, 'and this paper is my resignation, Mr. Moore."

Moore's eyes bulged out of his head. He whistled with surprise. He had made up his mind that the culprit was Tolliver. On the whole, he was glad that it was not Tolliver, after all.

'Mr. Moore!" exclaimed Tolliver. He said it in a tone that made Moore sit up. "There—there's something that you ought to know about—about myself." And then Tolliver brought out the old skeleton the old thirty-eight-hundred-dollar steal. "I had to tell you," he flushed, "and if Ougheltree resigns, I'll have to, too. It's only fair and square.'

Moore whistled some more. He sat there, blinking helplessly at the two men. "Gentlemen," he said finally, "I'll accept this check. I guess we'll call it quits. There won't be any police. And I guess . . . there won't be any resignations, either."

When they had left him he sat and stared at the check. That ten thousand odd dollars represented a three weeks' profit on a deal—a safe, sure deal, that he had swung with a hundred thousand of principal. The hundred thousand had belonged—did belong—to the widow of Marchbank Moore, trustee, was under an obligation to pay to the widow of Marchbank only the sum of five thousand a year—a safe income. Moore, surviving partner, for his own benefit, had agreed with himself, as trustee, that he might use the trust funds and make fifteen or twenty per cent. per annum, just for himself. This ten thousand was the first fruit. It seemed fair, he was taking the risk, he must account for the hundred thousand, he was good for it. Five per cent was enough for Marchbank's widow.

"Oh, what's the use?" he said. "It's all O.K., of course!" He thrust the check into his pocket. Then he pulled it out. Then he rose, and walked into the outer office.

"Ougheltree," he said, tossing the check over, "this was a profit on a deal with Marchbank's money. It belongs to his widow. Place it to her credit; send her a check for it. You can tell her—— No. Tell her—— Oh, pshaw, tell her anything you please! Send it, that's all, and get it over with!" He stalked back into his private room.

"I guess," he added softly to himself, "we're three of a kind—Tolliver and Ougheltree—and Moore."

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There, however, it appeared that they were being arrested under the charge of running a bunco game. The look of things was against them, but they protested loudly that they should at least be allowed to stay in the theatre until the performance was over. At this the detectives asked what performance. When they realized that it was the Bijou Theatre they had raided they burst into laughter, and released their prisoners, who scuttled back just in time to take their cues and save the play.

What the police were after was a tenderloin joint next door to the stage entrance, and in a jiffy they rectified their mistake, making a memorable haul. When the matter was cleared up, one of the actors suggested that the cops try the Belasco Theatre, where Blanche Bates is allowed nightly to slip three aces out of the pack and work them into her game of cold hands with the sheriff.

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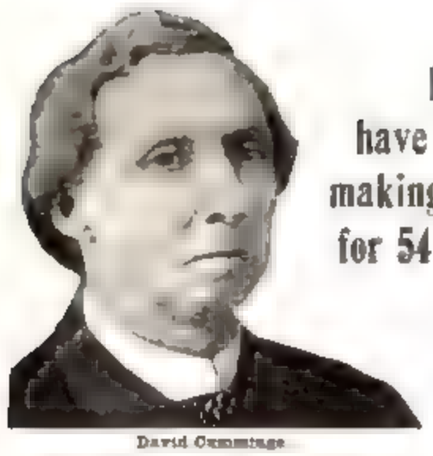

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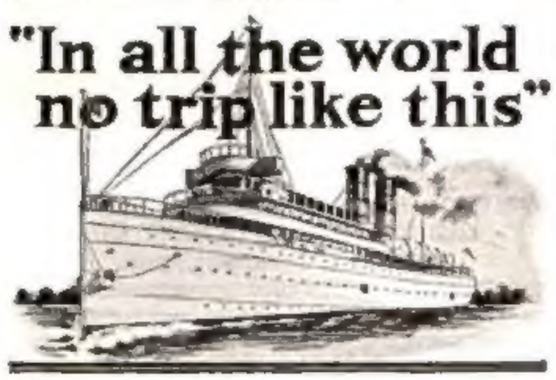

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of her voice and the warm, quick color tinting neck and face were incongruous. He thought with slow surprise that she was not yet letter-perfect in her rôle of the material triumphant over the spiritual. A trifle ashamed, too, he sat silent, watching the silken petals fall one by one as she slowly detached them with delicate, restless lips.

"I am sorry I came," she said reflectively. "You don't know why I came, do you? Sheer loneliness, Mr. Siward; there is something of the child in me still, you see. I am not yet sufficiently resourceful to take it out in a quietly tearful obligato; I never learned how to produce tears. . . . So I came to you." She had stripped the petals from the rose, and now, tossing the crushed branch from her, she leaned forward and broke from its stem a heavy, perfumed bud, half unfolded.

"It seems my fate to pass my life in bidding you good-night," she said, straightening up and turning to him with the careless laughter touching mouth and eyes again. Then, resting her weight on one hand, her smooth, white shoulder rounded beside her cheek, she looked at him out of humorous eyes.

"What is it that women find so attractive in you? The man's experienced insouciance? The boy's unconscious cynicism? The mystery of your self-sufficiency? The faulty humanity in you? The youth in you already showing traces of wear that hint of future scars? What will you be at thirty-five? At forty? . . . Ah," she added softly, "what are you now? For I don't know, and you cannot tell me if you would. . . . Out of these little windows called eyes we look at one another, and study surfaces, and try to peep into neighbors' windows. But all is dark behind the windows—always dark, in there where they tell us souls hide."

She laid the shell-pink bud against her cheek that matched it, smiling with wise sweetness to herself.

"What counts with you?" he asked after a moment.

"Counts? How?"

"In your affections. What prepossesses you?"

She laughed audaciously: "Your traits—some of them—all of them that you reveal. You must be aware of that much already, considering everything——"

"Then, what is it I lack? Where do I fail?"

"But you don't lack—you don't fail! I ask nothing more of you, Mr. Siward."

"A man from whom a woman desires nothing is already convicted of insufficiency. . . . You would recognize this very quickly if I made love to you."

"Is that the *only* way I am to discover your insufficiency, Mr. Siward?"

"Or my sufficiency. . . . Have you enough curiosity to try?"

"Oh! I thought *you* were to try." Then, quickly: "But I think you have already experimented; and I did not notice your shortcomings. So there is no use in pursuing that line of investigation any further—is there?"

And always with her the mischief lay in the trailing upward inflection; in the confused sweetness of her eyes and their lovely uncertainty.

One slim white hand held the rose against her cheek; the other lay idly on her knee, fresh and delicate as a fallen petal; and he laid both hands over it and lifted it between them.

"Mr. Siward, I am afraid this is becoming a habit with you." The gay mockery was not quite genuine; the curve of lips too sensitive for a voice so lightly cynical.

He smiled, bending there, considering her hand between his; and after a moment her muscles relaxed, and bare round arm and hand lay abandoned to him.

"Quite flawless—perfect," he said aloud to himself.

"Do you—read hands?"

"Vaguely." He touched the smooth palm: "Long life, clear mind, and"—he laughed—"heart supreme over reason! There is written a white lie—but a pretty one."

"It is no lie."

He laughed again, unconvinced.

"It is the truth," she said, seriously insisting and bending sideways above her own hand where it lay in his. "It is a miserable confession to admit it, but I'm afraid intelligence would fight a losing battle with heart if the conflict ever came. You see, I know, having nobody to study except myself all these years. . . . There is

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the proof of it—that selfish, smooth contour, where there should be generosity. Then, look at the tendency of imagination toward mischief!" She laid her right forefinger on the palm of the left hand which he held, and traced the developments arising in the Mount of Hermes. "Is it not a horrid hand, Mr. Siward? I don't know how much you know about palms, but——" She suddenly flushed, and attempted to close her hand, doubling the thumb over. There was a little half-hearted struggle, freeing one of his arms, which fell, settling about her slender waist; a silence, a breathless moment, and he had kissed her. Her lips were warm this time.

She recovered herself, avoiding his eyes, and moved backward, shielding her face with pretty upflung elbows outturned. "I told you it was becoming a habit with you!" The loud beating of her pulses marred her voice. "Must I establish a dead-line every time I commit the folly of being alone with you?"

"I'll draw that line," he said, taking her in his arms.

"I—I beg you will draw it quickly, Mr. Siward."

"I do; it passes through your heart and mine!"

"Is—do you mean a declaration—again? You are compromising yourself, you know. I warn you that you are committing yourself."

"So are you. Look at me!"

In his arms, her own arms pressed against his breast, resisting, she raised her splendid youthful eyes; and through and through her shot pulse on pulse, until every nerve seemed a-quiver.

"While I'm still sane," he said with a dry catch in his throat, "before I tell you that I love you, look at me."

"I will, if you wish," she said with a trembling smile, "but it is useless——"

"That is what I shall find out in time. . . . You *must* meet my eyes. That is well; that is frank and sweet——"

"And it is useless—truly it is. . . . Please don't tell me—anything."

"You will not listen?"

"There is no chance for you—if you mean love. I—I tell you in time, you see. . . . I am utterly frivolous—quite selfish and mercenary."

"I take my chance!"

"No, I give you none! Why do you interfere! A—a girl's policy costs her something if it be worth anything; whatever it costs it is worth it to me. . . . And I do not love you. In so short a time how could I?"

Then in his arms she fell a-trembling. Something blinded her eyes, and she turned her head sharply, only to encounter his lips on hers in a deep, clinging embrace that left her dazed, still resisting with the fragments of breath and voice.

"Not again—I beg—you. Let me go now. It is not best. Oh! truly, truly it is all wrong with us now." She bent her head, blinded with tears, swaying, stunned; then, with a breathless sound, turned in his arms to meet his lips, her hands contracting in his; and, confronting, they paused, suspending the crisis, young faces close, and hearts afire.

"Sylvia, I love you."

For an instant their lips clung; she had rendered him his kiss. Then, tremblingly, "It is useless, . . . even though I loved you."

"Say it!"

"I do."

"*Say* it!"

"I—I cannot! . . . And it is no use—no use! I do not know myself—this way. My eyes—are wet. It is not like me; there is nothing of me in this girl you hold so closely, so confidently. . . . I do care for you—how can I help it? How could any woman help it? Is not that enough?"

"Until you are a bride, yes."

"A bride? Stephen!—I cannot——"

"You cannot help it, Sylvia."

"I must. I have my way to go."

"My way lies that way."

"No! no! I cannot do it; it is not best for me—not best for you. . . . I do care for you; you have taught me how to say it. But—you know what I have done—and mean to do, and must carry through. . . . Then, *how* can you love a girl like that?"

"Dear, I know the woman I love."

"Silly, she is what her life has made her—material, passionately selfish, unable to renounce the root of all evil. . . . Even if this—this happiness were ours always—I mean, if this madness could last our wedded life—I am not good enough, not noble enough, to forget what I might have had, and put away. . . . Is it not dreadful to admit it? Do you not know that self-contempt is part of the price? . . . I have no money. I know what you have. . . . I asked. And it is enough for a man who remains unmarried. . . . For I cannot 'make things do'; I cannot 'contrive'; I will not cling to the fringe of things, or play that heartbreaking rôle of the shabby expatriated on the Continent. . . . No person in this world ever had enough. I tell you I could find use for every flake of metal ever mined! . . . You see you do not know me. From my pretty face and figure you misjudge me. I am intelligent—not intellectual, though I might have been, might even yet be; I am cultivated, not learned; though I care for learning—or might if I had time. . . . My rôle in life is to mount to a security too high for any question as to my dominance. . . . Can you take me there?"

"There are other heights, Sylvia."

"Higher?"

"Yes, dear."

"The spiritual; I know. I could not breathe there, if I cared to climb. . . . And I have told you what I am—all silk and lace and smooth-skinned selfishness." She looked at him wistfully. "If you can change me, take me." And she rose, facing him.

"I do not give you up," he said, with a savage note hardening his voice; and it thrilled her to hear it, and every drop of blood in her body leaped as she yielded to his arms again, heavy-lidded, trembling, confused, under the piercing sweetness of contact.

The perfume of her mouth, her hair, the consenting fingers locked in his, palm against palm, the lips acquiescent, then afire at last, responsive to his own; and her eyes opening from the dream under the white lids—these were what he had of her till every vein in him pulsed flame. Then her voice, broken, breathless:

"Good-night. Love me while you can—and forgive me! . . . Good-night. . . . Where are we? All—all this must have stunned me, blinded me. . . . Is this my door, or yours? Hush! I am half dead with fear—to be here under the light again. . . . If you take me again my knees will give way. . . . And I *must* find my door. Oh, the ghastly imprudence of it! . . . Good-night; . . . good-night. I—I love you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Froth without Fury

THE late Augustus H. Garland, of Arkansas, was a Senator from that State before he resigned to become Attorney-General under President Cleveland.

He and Senators Matt Butler, of South Carolina, and Dan Voorhees, of Indiana, were cronies and played many jokes on one another. Garland was very fond of candy and ate great quantities of it. One day a constituent of Senator Butler's sent him a dozen cakes of real tar soap, black, shiny and pure. Butler saw a chance for a joke, so he summoned Senator Voorhees and told him that he intended to place a chunk of the soap on Voorhees' desk. If Garland asked for it, Voorhees was to give it to him as candy.

Garland came along, saw the tar soap and reached for it, saying:

"Candy, eh? Well, I guess I'll eat this piece."

He bit off a liberal mouthful and began to chew it. They watched him until the lather began to form on Garland's lips and then fled to the rear of the Senate chamber, waiting for the explosion.

The two conspirators expected to see Garland rise up and shout about the deception. Instead, he calmly chewed his mouthful of soap, swallowed it, took another mouthful and chewed and swallowed that.

They went into the cloakroom to talk over Garland's amazing act. As they were wondering what would happen to him, Garland came in. "Hi, Butler," he said, "that's mighty fine candy you gave me. Where can I get some of it?"

"Did you like it?" gasped Butler.

"Oh, yes! It was great," Garland replied. "The only criticism I would make is that the chocolate flavor is rather subdued."

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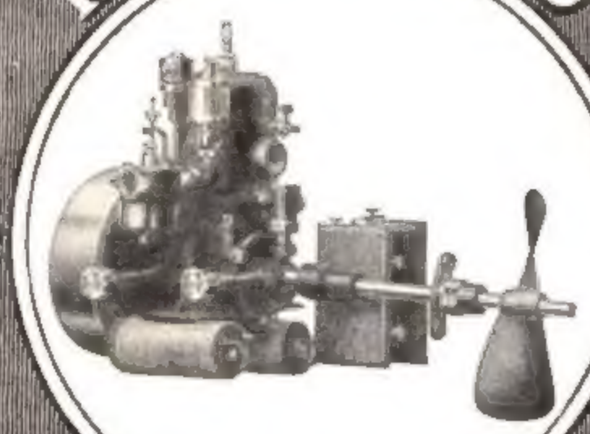

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